

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 793—Vol. XXXI.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

CUBAN AUTONOMY.

A story is current that two commissioners, representing the revolutionary government of Cuba, have been authorized by the Spanish Minister in the United States, with consent of the Government of Spain, to proceed to Cuba, and offer an arrangement to President Céspedes, on the basis of a qualified autonomy for the island like that of Canada—that is to say, with a constitution of its own, a local legislature, etc., but with a governor to be named by the mother country. The report adds that

the Spanish volunteers are to give up their arms; that all the properties confiscated and embargoed be returned to their legitimate owners; that those who have suffered losses or damages on account of the war be indemnified; but that all the leaders of the rebellion leave the island and remain in exile for a year at least.

Should this prove true, it is possible an accommodation may take place—hardly, however, with the condition of the exile of the patriot leaders.

There is another story, to the effect that the

revolutionists, justly disgusted with the ignoble policy of General Grant in respect of Cuba, are fully resolved, in event of success, to have nothing to do with the United States, but to found a Confederation of the Antilles—that is to say, a union of the English, French and Spanish islands, together with the Republics of Santo Domingo and Hayti. It is supposed that the European powers holding possessions in the Antilles would favor this project, as tending to prevent the United States from making acquisitions in that direction. Cuba, however, gravitates naturally toward the

United States, and the not unreasonable hostility of the Cuban leaders to General Grant and his wretched policy will die out with the retirement of that gentleman from the Presidency, a little over two years from date. If there is any one matter more than another on which the Administration has failed to reflect the sentiments of the American people, it is that of Cuba. And its conduct in this regard will go far toward that defeat which all the signs indicate is impending. This cannot be unknown to the Cubans, and it will be very unwise of them to govern their conduct or lay



A STREET IN LAON, FRANCE, UPON THE EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER MAGAZINE, AND SUBSEQUENT TO THE SURRENDER OF THE TOWN TO THE PRUSSIANS.—SEE PAGE 211.

out a mistaken policy as regards the United States, in consequence of what General Grant has done or left undone. As concerns Cuba the President has been and is repudiated by the American people.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
337 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

Now is the time to subscribe for the ensuing year, and persons wishing to continue their subscription will confer a favor on the publisher by giving notice a short time before the expiration of their present subscription. This will prevent the disappointment in receiving numbers, inevitable where the new subscription is not sent till after the former one has expired.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

OUR BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BLACK SEA.

At the close of the "Crimean War" in 1856, which proved so disastrous to Russian arms, a clause was inserted in the treaty formed at Paris by the allies of Turkey, that inhibited the defeated power from entering or using the Black Sea as a nursery for her navy. The obnoxious clause was not made palatable to Russia by excluding the war-ships of other powers, but, for the sake of a present peace, she assented to it, trusting to the mutations of time to nullify a measure she declared was injurious to the material development of her territories in the south of Europe. The war raging between France and Prussia has so far weakened the former that she cannot longer be considered an obstruction to the ambitious designs of Russia. Taking advantage of this fact, and feeling quite strong enough to insist on the virtual abrogation of the obnoxious clause, she has given formal notice to those nations which, in convention, framed the treaty, that she cannot longer regard herself as bound by it. But England, Austria and Italy declare the clause in question essential to the safety of Turkey, and must at every cost be observed by the Government of the Czar. The quarrel is easily understood, and it remains to be seen whether the powers will eventually retire before the demands of Russia, or resist her even to a declaration which may eventually wrap all Europe in the flames of war.

That our readers may have a clear idea of the question in dispute, and of the importance to Russia of the more southern and eastern boundaries of her empire, we print, in the Supplement to this issue, a splendid two-page engraving of the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, and the country surrounding them.

NOVEL EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS. PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

YALE COLLEGE and the Cornell University furnish this year some bold features worthy of emulation in other educational institutions—movements relieving the usual monotony of collegiate life in ways that will be felt beneficially among thousands of students beyond those engaged in the expeditions to which we now refer—as good example will in this, as in most cases, result beneficially to intelligent observers.

The Cornell Expedition was directed toward the South-Atlantic American coast, for the purpose of re-examining portions of the Brazilian shores and of the adjoining interior regions—mostly in the tracks left by Professor Agassiz a few years ago—the inadequate means of that great scientist rendering it impracticable for him, in his brief expedition, to do much more (comparatively speaking) than to indicate the vast attractions which those regions offered for future exploration: not but that, even in his short experience in the South Atlantic, he found enough to render memorable his reports and lectures on the results of his tour in that novel field of scientific research. The six lectures which he delivered before the "Society for the Advancement of Science and Art"—heard with profound attention by thousands of our most intelligent citizens at the Cooper Institute three or four years ago—were largely reported in the leading journals, and outlined the valuable work since published by him concerning his expedition. The interest excited by these lectures caused a similar expedition in the following year, instigated by Prof. C. Fred. Hartt, who had been creditably associated with the Agassiz movement, and who was encouraged by the commendation of the illustrious *savant*, as well as by very moderate aid from the above-named Society, of which he was temporarily the General Secretary, and of which the Rev. S. Irenaeus Prime is now the President. The brief expedition of Professor Agassiz left various matters unexamined, to which he gladly turned the attention of his former assistant, and on some of those points the lectures and publications of Professor Hartt have added many interesting particulars.

We mention these facts as indicating the qualifications of Prof. H. for guiding the expedition started this year by the Cornell University, with which institution he is connected. The students who embarked with him in this last enterprise will doubtless have reason to "mark it in their books" as one of the most valuable incidents of their collegiate life, furnishing them with unprecedented practical opportunities for marine, geological, botanical and other researches, which will leave enduring impress on their future career. We will watch with interest the results that may be reported when Professor Hartt returns from this last exploration in South-Atlantic regions. He will doubtless give the results of his present (or third) expedition in another volume, additional to that just issued from the Boston press under the title of "The Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil," concerning his observations on his second visit to that region.

The Yale Expedition is equally worthy of attention and approbation. Its chosen field of research is more directly connected with "the practical" in American every-day life—tending to familiarize the members of the party with the great features in the geological, geographical, and other important characteristics of our own vast mountain regions—with their valleys and rivers, toward which the enterprise of our countrymen is strongly tending in the way of mining, agricultural and commercial enterprise, including railroads and other improvements. Some of these regions—as, for instance, the valley of the Colorado of the West—are almost as little known as the interior African territories which Livingstone, if yet alive, is exploring amid the dangers that have generally proved fatal to similar explorers since the days of Mungo Park. In fact, it was toward one of our unexplored American regions that the Yale Expedition boldly turned its earliest attention. Telegraphic intelligence of the 15th of October, from Fort Bridger, in Wyoming Territory, informs us that the expedition, under Professor Marsh, had just reached that place, after a most interesting tour of six weeks' duration, in which the geology of the mountains and valleys between the Green and White Rivers had been measurably examined. "This was an unexplored region, and proved of much scientific interest," says the telegram. Such a reconnaissance must have proved highly interesting, as it included a portion of the unexplored region above referred to—the "White" and "Green" being tributaries of that most extraordinary river, which connects Utah, Colorado and New Mexico with the Pacific coast through a long range of "canyon," with rocky banks towering perpendicularly for many hundreds of feet above the river, rendering access almost impossible to its waters for several hundred miles. Among the prominent wonders discovered by this Yale Exploring party, the telegram mentions "an ancient lake-bed, containing great numbers of extinct crocodiles, turtles, serpents, and fish, with remains of rhinoceroses and other tropical animals, most of which are new to science." A detachment of the Thirtieth Infantry Regiment escorted the expedition—and very appropriately, too—as the work done by the Yale party was essentially for public as well as private good, though not in an official way. It may encourage future similar parties to know that the members of this expedition were "all well" after their arduous labors, and would further prosecute their objects, by extending their exploring tour *via* Salt Lake to California, before turning their faces homeward.

Rowing and yacht-racing between collegians are all well enough in their way for those students who can't or won't follow such examples as are set by the above-mentioned expeditions from Yale and Cornell. But it may be worth inquiring whether such explorations as are now mentioned are not likely to prove at least equally interesting and health-inspiring, while contributing more effectually to the formation of intelligent manly character in connection with some of the noblest ranges of scientific and practical pursuits. The field for exploration is almost limitless, and its value becomes more and more apparent the more it is traversed.

Expeditions of this kind may be advantageously dispatched from colleges generally. They would furnish practical lessons and useful experiences that would be pleasantly remembered in all the after-life of the students participating in them. The future character and pursuits and localities of the young expeditionists would be largely and happily influenced by such practical ways of acquiring knowledge. Reflection will quickly satisfy most parents and teachers that these expeditionary classes may be rendered most valuable adjuncts of our educational system. We do not doubt that very many of the young expeditionists would have their minds quickened for noble purposes by the lessons of practical education and self-reliance inseparable from such exploring tours under "professors" or other persons qualified for guiding the adventurous scholars who may thus literally "take the field" in pursuit of useful knowledge.

Many of "the boys" will probably resolve, from what they see on such expeditions; to "settle" in the regions which they may thus traverse in acquiring useful and practical education. Such training would enable many of them to "make their mark" in new regions, where the readiest fields are opened for well-directed enterprise and honorable ambition.

BEN. BUTLER ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER has become the Cassandra of his party. He tells it its mission has been mainly accomplished, that the old issues by which it gained and has held power are nearly obsolete, and that, without new and distinctive and popular war-cries, it cannot again successfully muster its hosts for victory. In fact, that it is in process of disintegration, and could hardly hope to survive another election, if the Democratic party should happen to imbibe a particle of sense, or learn ordinary tact.

In all this General Butler is as nearly right as we can expect him to be. Except in steadily paying off the national debt, we do not know that the existing Administration has in any way favorably distinguished itself, while in many ways it has betrayed the popular sense and sympathy. The Republican party cannot escape the responsibility of General Grant's blunders and shortcomings any more than France can escape the consequences of the acts of the Empire. And notwithstanding it often thwarts, and sometimes distinctly repudiates, the policy and much-cherished plans of the inmate of the White House, and of the nobodies that compose his Cabinet, it must share the opprobrium that attaches to their conduct. Nor is the party itself, leaving the Administration aside, anything like a unit on any question whatever of importance that now claims, or is likely to claim, national interest.

But we object to General Butler's suggestion of a war-cry, and to his plan of creating party unity and engaging the popular support outside of existing party distinctions. He proposes to make the Alabama claims the basis of a new movement of national importance, and to so bully Great Britain as to give the party that shall do the bullying the support of all latent and other animosity against that country, and thus secure Canada to the United States as a condition of settlement of all questions in dispute.

Now, we neither want the Alabama claims settled, nor do we want Canada, with its ignorant *paysons* and its snobbish, half-weaned Englishmen. A few provinces, such as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, might be tolerated on the score of fishing and mining interests; but as for Canada entire—"Thank you, No!"

As for the Alabama claims, they could scarcely be in better condition than they are now. While they impend, we have a guarantee of good behavior on the part of Great Britain. The time will come when she will solicit the privilege of paying them, with interest. "But," asks our intelligent reader, "what, in the meantime, is to become of the claimants, many of whom are suffering from the delay?" Simply this: Let us authorize a Commission of competent men, and men of character—selecting, for that matter, a certain or equal number of members not American, but German or Belgian—who shall hear and decide on all claims, and then issue a six per cent. scrip for the amounts awarded, "payable, principal and interest, by Great Britain, on the adjustment of the Alabama claims by the latter." How long does any one suppose it would be before this scrip would be bought up and cancelled by the British Government, and all claims thus quietly extinguished, without bluster on our part, or any diplomatic, inconsequent jabber whatever? The claimants would get their money; "friendly relations" would be kept up with Great Britain; and Ben Butler be deprived of an opportunity of cementing and strengthening the Republican party at the sacrifice of national self-respect. Avoiding compromising ourselves against the precedent afforded by Great Britain, we would be left free to play a little Alabama game ourselves, at the proper time, and have the satisfaction of driving the British marine under our flag, and taking the lead on the seas. Master Butler may take a back seat, and Canada may continue to shiver in her frosty isolation. If we are to have an indemnity, let it take some other shape than Canada—cowrie-shells, carved Fiji Island whales' teeth, anything! Haven't we got Alaska?

DEBT-PAYING RACES.

It is a source of satisfaction to ourselves, as well as a cause of surprise to foreigners, the rapid and constant diminution of our national indebtedness. Is it due to the fact that we belong to a debt-paying race? The Teutonic race in Europe is a debt-paying people, while the Celtic, Latin or Slavonic are debt-incuring. The English, Germans, Dutch and Belgians are traders by habit—commercial and

manufacturing people—while the French, Austrians, Russians, Spaniards and Italians are, as a rule, non-manufacturing people, more disposed to encourage lavish expenditure on armies, and less thrifty and economical in their Governments. How far difference of race may account for the condition of the debts of the respective countries is a question the discussion of which would open up a wide field of scientific investigation. Whatever be the cause, however, the facts admit of no dispute. The Teutonic races of Europe have reduced their national indebtedness from \$5,355,000,000, at which it stood in 1815, to \$5,030,000,000 in 1870, while the group of five other European nations have increased their debts in the same period from \$1,995,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000. Even if we include the United States as among the Teutonic races, the result would be to show an increase in the fifty-five years under consideration of about fifty per cent.; while in the Celtic and Slavonic people the increase would be something like four hundred per cent. The following table of the debt of each country, in the years 1815 and 1870, will show at a glance the fact to which we have called attention:

	1815.	1870.
Great Britain.....	\$4,305,000,000	\$3,045,000,000
North and South Germ'y	500,000,000	750,000,000
Holland and Belgium...	550,000,000	635,000,000
	\$5,355,000,000	\$4,330,000,000

There is here a decrease in the British national debt, as well as in that of Holland and Belgium, while in the case of Germany the amount would have been considerably less than that at which it now stands had it not been for the war with Austria in 1866, which added about \$75,000,000 to the debt. The five other leading powers of Europe, with their debts during the same period, are as follows:

	1815.	1870.
France.....	\$350,000,000	\$2,590,000,000
Austria.....	495,000,000	1,500,000,000
Russia.....	400,000,000	1,500,000,000
Spain.....	500,000,000	1,125,000,000
Italy.....	250,000,000	1,285,000,000
	\$1,995,000,000	\$8,000,000,000

THE SCIENCE OF WALKING.

THE aim of Reade's recent novel is to protest against the revival of the Grecian athletic school, as seen at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, England, and imitated in greater or less degree at the seats of education all over the world. In this country, only within a few years, boat-clubs—to say nothing of regattas and college rivalries—were unknown; but now the "first stroke" is no unworthy rival of the student who has the "salutatory" or "valedictory" oration at the college commencement. The days of Plato and Socrates seem to be renewed, and the champion of the Olympian games ranks with the essayist and the philosopher.

Reade's protest against the revival, his attack against it, not only as demoralizing, debasing and unworthy men of character and thought, was startling enough, when all the world were upholding and supporting it; when fair ladies went to the races and bet gloves against neckties, and smiled admiringly upon anybody in tight duck pants with nautical shirts and caps; when grave professors allowed themselves to become interested in those "manly sports," when the reverend, the clergy, benignantly encouraged the games which were supposed to renew the vigor of the race and restore to the effete present the hardy stamina of a past manliness.

And here the matter has stood, with no defense upon the part of those assailed, with no scientific proof of the theory thus enunciated and taken as the turning-point in the plot of a novel.

In the midst of this calm comes a letter—looking for all the world like a double advertisement of a "walkist" and a medical college—signed by the professors of one of our medical schools, inviting a man, distinguished by his exertions as a pedestrian, to allow himself, while performing a hitherto unattempted feat of endurance and rapidity, to be weighed before and after, his pulse felt at intervals, his food weighed, etc.—in short, to make his physical condition the matter for careful examination and scientific report.

This looks, we say, like an advertisement, because little practical benefit can be derived from this investigation. A medical inquiry might have been as easily undertaken to find the effects of the Bull Run rout on the pursued and pursuer, of the result of night vigils and anxiety on the weary watcher by the sick-bed of a beloved child, or of the abused horses that are forced to make their hundred miles in ten hours or less, or their twenty miles in a single hour.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE POOR.—It is always pleasant to record the munificence of our citizens toward the stranger and resident poor during the holiday season. Year after year, from our principal hotels and private residences have bountiful supplies of the good things of earth been sent to our charitable institutions.

At times the fingers preparing them are those hard, large and bronzed ones of the workman; at others, the slender, delicate ones of the refined and sympathetic lady; in all cases generous hearts prompt the remembrance and receive the benedictions of misery and misfortune. On Thanksgiving day hundreds of our people, while preparing sumptuous tables for their own feast, were keenly alive to the cravings of other stomachs, to which the rich, juicy and invigorating repasts seldom come. The Howard Mission for Little Wanderers gathered its protégés by the hundred, and fêted them in generous style. At the Ladies' Mission—that pioneer of our local charities, the good Samaritan of the Five Points—the dinner prepared for the permanent beneficiaries and, after them, the honest poor of the district, was, as usual, on a grand scale. To the credit of philanthropy be it said, "there was enough and to spare." The Five Points House of Industry was also stormed by its friends, and converted into a feasting-hall. The frisky, ubiquitous Newsboys washed their faces, doffed their hats of many shades and colors, and ate turkey until it was impossible to shout even intelligence most startling. On the Islands the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, and Emigration, ordered unusual delicacies, while the various other public and private charities put on a holiday dress, and suffered an attack of poultry and pastry that made the inmates smile in spite of their troubles.

ONE would think, on reading the graphic and very animated accounts of the European war correspondents, that the fighting between the Germans and the French has been of an exceptionally fierce and bloody character, which is far from the fact. Thus one writer, after talking about the "unparalleled carnage" of Gravelotte, adds that the Germans admit a loss of at least 20,000 men. This is as if one were to say, "Frightful mortality in New York—600 deaths in a week." The Germans must have had more than 200,000 men at Gravelotte, at a very moderate computation, so that the casualties amounted to less than one in ten—very much less than those of the victors at Eylau, Borodino, Lépau, and very many other great battles, including Waterloo, Gettysburg, and others. Another correspondent dilates on the great number of killed in this war as compared with the number wounded, ascribing the alleged fact to the greater precision of modern arms, as if the soldiers on either side actually took aim at each other individually in the heat of battle. The latest Prussian returns, however, show that the proportion of killed to wounded on their side has been hitherto only as one to four, whereas the average proportion in former wars has usually been as one to three. This more favorable rate would seem to show that the greater penetration of modern projectiles has been more than compensated for by the random way in which fire is opened at long ranges.

THE wretched twaddle, in vile English, which is vouchsafed to us from the "spiritual world" through "mediums," writing or extemporizing, has impressed most minds with the notion that the "spirit world" is chiefly made up of ignoramuses and idiots, and, that intellectually, it is not a fit place for the spirits of people of intelligence and education. Some of the lights of Spiritualism have felt it necessary to explain away the unhappy style and paltry sentiment of most "spiritual communications," and Miss (or Mrs. Hardinge—we give her the benefit of the doubt as to "condition") undertakes to do it as follows:

"The power by which spirits can act upon matter at all is limited, ill-understood even by themselves, and at present in a merely experimental state of control; hence the quantity and power of the manifestations are determined by conditions too complex and subtle, and as yet too remote from the sphere of material science for human comprehension. Moreover, every communication, however transmitted through a human organism, partakes so closely of the idiosyncrasies of the medium, that whilst the idea may originate in the spirit world, the form of the communication must assume the shape of the medium's mind and the measure of their face. Beyond the occasional introduction of a few words, sentences, or forms of writing and expression, it is almost impossible for the mightiest controlling spirit far to transcend these limits; hence their ideas not only sink to the level of the medium's capacity in transmission, but often become so merged in their magnetism as to lose the stamp of their spiritual origin altogether."

In 1867, the export of merchandise to China from San Francisco was a little over one million dollars in value, and of gold and silver nearly five millions. In 1869, the total merchandise export from San Francisco to China and Japan fell a little short of two million dollars, while almost nine millions of gold and silver were sent out. Besides treasure, which will thus be seen is the great element of the exports, the principal shipments of last year were 154,000 barrels of flour, 24,000 casks of wheat, 3,600 casks of oats, 11,000 flasks of quicksilver, and 350 packages of California wine. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers made thirteen trips last year, and, besides these, twenty-two sailing-vessels car-

ried cargoes from the Pacific coast to Asia; but more than half of all the merchandise went by the steamers, and all of the gold and silver. The number of Chinese on the Pacific coast, according to the statistics of the California Legislature, is 89,500.

OF "fashionable society" in America a daily contemporary discourses thus: "Where the present American idea of fashionable life and code of etiquette had its origin, it would be hard to tell. It is probably a *rechauffé* of the worst French and worst English. Nothing more hopelessly bad, it is certain, can be found in any civilized nation under heaven. Fashionable life in New York and the other large cities is as dissolute and frothy as that of Paris, without its wit, and as servile as that of England, without its rank."

THE eleven States that, in 1861, declared their secession from the Union, had, in 1860, a population of 9,104,321. By the census of 1870 their aggregate population is 10,010,557. This shows an increase, notwithstanding the destruction of life caused by the war. The border States of Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, which had, in 1860, 3,136,941 population, contain now, in 1870, an aggregate of 3,931,264 souls.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud.

From an artist-correspondent of one of the London illustrated newspapers we obtain the following interesting information about the ruins of the magnificent Palace of St. Cloud, which was so wantonly destroyed by the French gunners of Mont Valerien a few weeks ago. Armed with a pass from the commanding officer at Ville d'Avray, the correspondent passed through the gate which guards the entrance to the grounds attached to the palace, and sauntered slowly up the gravelled walk, taking sketches of several objects of interest which lined the walk on either side as he passed on his way to the palace itself, which he found a mass of tottering ruins, charred and blackened—"a sad contrast," he says, "to its former elegance and beauty." The correspondent's visit was necessarily brief, as the shot and shell from Mont Valerien were falling fast and thick, endangering his life when crossing an open or exposed spot. He contented himself with making a tour through the interior of the palace, visiting such rooms as remained standing. From these he carried off several souvenirs, in the shape of bits of marble, pieces of tapestry, a pocket-knife, a piece of bell-rope, and several toilet articles. While viewing the ruins from the outside, a portion of two walls still standing, struck by well-directed shots from Mont Valerien, fell in with a crash, nearly burying him under a cloud of dust. The parks, gardens, conservatories, hot-houses, parterres, are all utterly destroyed, and potted by the balls in a sort of vengeful way, as if they, too, knew they had belonged to the Emperor Napoleon. Here, there, everywhere, strewn in utter confusion over the once trim and well-kept parterres and flower-beds, and lying negligently on the staircases, in the parlors and halls of the stately old pile, were portions of statues, flower-vases, porcelain jars, and other accessories of civilized and fashionable life, torn, mutilated or defaced, appealing in their mute way, but in a way to be readily understood by the man of taste and refinement, against their unwarrantable and useless destruction. The correspondent also visited the famous Lantern of Diogenes, built of glass, and tapering off at an elevation of several hundred feet, but now, alas, a mass of broken glass. The Prussians blew it up because it offered too fair a mark for the French gunners.

The Lookout at Courbevoie.

The pedestal at the Rond Point de Courbevoie, on which had been placed the statue, heroic size, of Napoleon I., removed from the Place Vendôme by the ex-Emperor, Louis Bonaparte, is now occupied by the defenders of Paris as a lookout. From the top of the pedestal a fine view of the country opposite Neuilly is obtained. The camp at this place is fortified, and cannot readily be approached by an enemy.

"Shells and Leaves."

The sketch was taken by an English artist at Bonival during a sortie of the French. The Prussian sentinels on the right were partially screened by the sail which they had hung to the limb of a tree. At this place of canvas the gunners of the French fired industriously for a time, but without any serious damage. The scene is rather quiet. The ruins on the opposite shore show how, even in a place so retired, war may enter and destroy.

The Surrender of Metz.

Of the many events of the war now raging between France and Germany, the most extraordinary was the unconditional surrender of Bazaine's fine army of upward of 175,000 men, with all its necessary matériel, at the City of Metz—a place from which, without great difficulty, he could have escaped at any time within twenty-four hours after he had entered it, and uninterruptedly marched toward and have united his forces with those of MacMahon at Sedan. Either bad faith or utter incompetency must have been the cause of Bazaine's failure to handle the great body of warriors that had been entrusted to him. It is hard to explain his conduct on the ground of betrayal of his country, for no man cares to have his name handed down to posterity as that of a traitor; as to incompetency, up to the declaration of the war, he had been regarded as a tried and true soldier. An artist-correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* says the scene reminded him of that which he saw in Abyssinia, in April, 1868, when King Theodore's motley host poured out of Magdala and spread far and wide over the country, no longer an organized military force, but a helpless crowd of human beings, laden with the few things each could bear on his shoulders for his personal comfort. "I left Remilly at daybreak," he says, "and got to Ars-la-Quenexy, where we found the arrangements for the prisoners. Just before reaching this village, from Metz, they left the high road and turned to the right, through the fields; this led them past Ars-la-Quenexy, on the right hand, and another village on the left, with a

very large fortification, right in face of them, full of Prussian troops, and with field-guns on each side, as well as long lines of Prussian soldiers. The French soldiers were, as I understood, to camp under the guns of the fortification. There were other columns marching out of Metz by different roads, but these I did not see. The sky was gray, dark, and, at times, rainy. Among the captive troops were all the various arms of the French service—the Line, the Artillery, the Zouaves, the Cavalry, the Gardes Mobiles, the Franc-Tireurs, the Intendance, and others. Most of the men seemed in good condition; in fact, some who passed had evidently got their pots and pans for cooking, which they carried on their backs, just served out to them, for these were quite new and clean. A few had bandages on, indicating wounds; and some appeared weak and infirm, walking with sticks to support them. A few carts passed with sick or wounded in them. There was scarcely a soldier but had his knapsack."

Franc-Tireurs.

The engraving shows a battalion of Parisian Franc-Tireurs marching into Tours, and just passing the Palais de Justice, where Prince Pierre Bonaparte was tried for the murder of Victor Noir in the early part of this year. The uniform of the volunteer corps is black, and they carry a black flag, with a white skull and cross-bones emblazoned on it—a terrible theatrical effect! But this *compagnie di morte*, as the ancient Florentine band with a similar device was styled, has already fought with valor, and came out of the first skirmish well. Behind the hideous emblem of death is a queer effigy of the Prussian soldier, exposed in derision.

Papal Zouaves at Tours.

Upon the surrender of Rome to the troops of Victor Emmanuel, a large body of Papal Zouaves, many of them of French origin, were permitted to leave the Italian Kingdom. Among these were several companies who, on their arrival at Tours, offered their services and were immediately accepted by the Secretary of War of the Provisional Government. These Zouaves were incorporated into the Army of the Loire, and undoubtedly under the command of General de Paladines did the Republic good service by assisting their countrymen in driving the Prussian soldiery out of the city of Orleans.

BOOK NOTICES.

ADRIET WITH A VENGEANCE. A Tale of Love and Adventure. By KINAHAN CORNWALLIS. Carlton, Publisher: New York.

Lively in style, graphic in description, with a plot somewhat involved but well worked out, indicating the practiced hand of an accomplished traveler and an observant man of the world. Mr. Cornwallis is a master of the ways of society, and his characters are obviously typical.

DRAKE'S CULPRIT FAY has been brought out in *haze*, by Carlton, with admirable illustrations. This poem is the most airy and dainty of all the productions of the American Muse. A delicious book for the holidays.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR PETERS, of Clinton, N. Y., announces the discovery of a new planet (No. 112) on September 19th, of the eleventh magnitude, to which he gives the name Iphigenia.

THE Chinese division of human life is interesting. The age of 10 is called the opening degree; 20, youth expired; 30, strength and marriage; 40, officially apt; 50, error knowing; 60, cycle closing; 70, rare bird of age; 80, rusty visage; 90, delayed; 100, age's extremity. Florent's division is more scientific: 1-10 years, infancy; 10-20, adolescence; 20-30, first youth; 30-40, second youth; 40-55, first manhood; 55-70, second manhood; 70-85, first old age; 85-100, second and last old age.

THE current issue of the Literary Society of Prague includes a volume of popular tales collected in all the Slavonian countries, and translated by M. Erben into Czech. We extract the shortest: "In the beginning there was only God, and he lay asleep and dreamed. At last it was time for him to wake and look at the world. Wherever he looked through the sky a star came out. He wondered what it was, and got up and began to walk. At last he came to our earth; he was very tired; the sweat ran down his forehead, and a drop fell on the ground. We are all made of this drop, and that is why we are the sons of God. Man was not made for pleasure; he was born of the sweat of God's face, and now he must live by the sweat of his own; that is why men have no rest."

A PLANTATION of the Australian gum-tree—eucalyptus—is growing finely in Castro valley, Alameda County, Cal. It covers fifty acres of ground; the trees are planted in rows eight feet apart each way, making a forest grove of 39,000 trees, set this season with one-year old seedlings of the blue-gum and iron-bark, the most vigorous and tall-growing varieties of the eucalyptus. The largest of these trees are but five years old, erect, straight, vigorous growth, and fifty feet high. They are elegant ornamental trees, somewhat resembling the laurel, but more majestic and massive in figure and foliage. The wood of the eucalyptus is hard, and the timber useful for many purposes. Their peculiar flavor and fragrance being disagreeable to animals keeps them from being eaten or gnawed. Hence the gum-trees can be safely set where other sorts of trees would be destroyed. A great variety of Australian shade trees of exquisite foliage have been cultivated in California with entire success. They are very hardy, and might be safely introduced in Central Park.

DR. B. A. GOULD has published an interesting volume of military and anthropological statistics of American soldiers, derived from official documents, and published for the United States Sanitary Commission. The following will serve to excite an interest in the whole: Total military population of loyal part of United States of America in 1860, 5,624,065. In 1865 the white male population between 20 and 45, neither enrolled nor serving, numbered 2,254,000. Out of 660,000 United States privates, selected at random, 325,000 were engaged in agricultural, 170,000 in mechanical trades; 100,000 were laborers (i. e., the lowest class of city laborers), 23,000 commercial men, 11,000 professional men. Only one twenty-second part of the native Americans in the United States army were unable to read and write. Out of 10,473 privates selected entirely at random, and including a fair proportion of foreigners, whose education is much below the native, only 606 were unable to read and write; 145 were slightly edu-

cated; 4,269 had a good common-school education; 400 a high-school education; 69 a collegiate, and 34 a professional education. In rather less than three weeks, the Seventy-first New York Volunteers marched 365 miles, fought the battle of Gettysburg, and marched 210 miles after the battle—an average of 22½ miles a day.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NILSSON appears in opera in New Orleans December 20th.

NEWARK, N. J., was "Under the Gaslight" on the 21st and 22d ult.

MISS KELLOGG is meeting with deserved success in her Western tour.

THE Globe Theatre, a new edifice in Chicago, was opened on the 21st ult.

"FERNANDE" was reproduced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Wednesday last.

"ASK MAMMA" is a song so bewitching, that young men are led to do it at first sight.

"MOSE" took "A Glance at New York" from the Bowery the early part of last week.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS gives a series of concerts in Chicago, commencing December 1st.

"LES BRIGANDS," at the Grand Opera House New York, succeeds better than "Le Petit Faust."

LAWRENCE BARRETT appeared on the 14th ult. in De Bar's Opera House, Chicago, with "Money."

NEW YORK places of amusement were well patronized on Thanksgiving afternoon and evening.

THE patrons of the Fifth Avenue, New York, are soon to be treated to all the enjoyments of "Saratoga."

THE Berger Swiss Family of Bell-Ringers have completed a successful tour of the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

ALL geographies are wrong, for "The Battle of the Pyrenees" was fought in the American, Philadelphia, last week.

THE first Philharmonic concert of the season took place on the 26th ult., at the Academy of Music, New York.

CHRISTINE NILSSON returned to New York on the 25th ult., and appeared at Steinway Hall in the oratorio of "The Messiah."

GABEL, who delighted New York with his impersonation of the Tall Gen darmine in "Genevieve de Brabant," was killed at Sedan.

MISS AGNES ETHEL returned to the boards of the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 21st ult., and appeared as Julia in the "Hunchback."

LUCILLE WESTERN needs watching, as she has become "A Child-Stealer," having appeared as such in the Troy (N. Y.) Opera House recently.

A PARTY of "Nymphs of the Coral Cave," wherever that may be, has been introduced by Kate Fisher at the Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md.

On Monday last "Hamlet" was produced at Niblo's Theatre, New York, with Mr. Walter Montgomery in the title role, and Mrs. Scott-Siddons as Ophelia.

CARNROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS rigged up a "Tenement House" in their hall in Philadelphia last week, and then indulged in "A Colored Surprise Party."

"A SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM" appeared at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on the 13th ult., but the audience wouldn't scare worth the price of admission.

In the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Opera House, the regular company ventured their "Word of Honor" on the 24th ult., and it is said that "Women Wept" in consequence.

MRS. F. W. LANDER closed her engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, on Saturday last. On the previous Wednesday she appeared in "Frou-Frou."

EPH HORN's relatives, like himself, are long-lived. A few nights ago he appeared in Philadelphia as "My Grandmother's Pet," and proved himself a worthy descendant.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" was frightened by a man named Friday at the St. Louis Varieties recently, but eventually gave him confidence, and enjoyed his company for two weeks.

MISS JOSEPHINE SHAW, niece of Mrs. Hoey, and also of Mrs. H. Watkins, recently debuted on the stage of her ancestresses, at Boston. Of such a family as this, she should be at home in the drama.

THE members of the various minstrel bands of Philadelphia, with praiseworthy spirit, are in the habit of giving musical entertainments to the inmates of the lunatic and alms asylums in that city.

"THE WIDOW'S VICTIM" laid claims to sympathy at the Arch Street, Philadelphia, last week, when "A Love Chase" ensued, and the audience laughed at the plight of "The Jealous Wife."

NEW ORLEANS must be full of sentimental trouble, for "Love's Doctor" appeared at the opening of the Varieties, on the 8th ult., and had so many patients that he was retained beyond expectation.

WE are glad to learn that Miss Kellogg proposes opening the new year in New York with a season of English opera, for the purpose of representing some of the best hitherto untranslated Italian works.

ELEANOR KIRK will speak on the subject, "Why I Want to Vote," next Monday evening, before Dr. Northrup's congregation. This lecture is said by competent judges to be wonderfully brilliant and fascinating, ignoring entirely the old arguments on woman's suffrage.

At a late dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the Mercantile Library, San Francisco, Cal., a stock company tried their hand at "Playing with Fire," when, as a perfectly natural result, a "Serious Family" was presented.

On Saturday evening, November 19, Mr. George H. Ellis opened his new music warehouse in Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y., with a fine entertainment. A corps of talented pianists and singers, and a brass band, loaned their aid to the occasion.

A PRIVATE concert was given on the 22d ult. at the Tammany Theatre, New York, by Miss Rosa d'Erina, the new Irish prima donna. She sang several Italian, French, English and Irish songs in a rich soprano voice, accompanying herself on the piano.

THE oratorio of "The Messiah" was rendered at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Thanksgiving evening to a highly select and large audience. Miss Brainerd and Mrs. Kempton sustained respectively the soprano and contralto parts, and Messrs. Simpson and Thomas assumed the male solos with powerful effect. The organ accompaniments of Mr. George W. Morgan were spiritedly performed, and manifested a fine appreciation of Handel's great work.

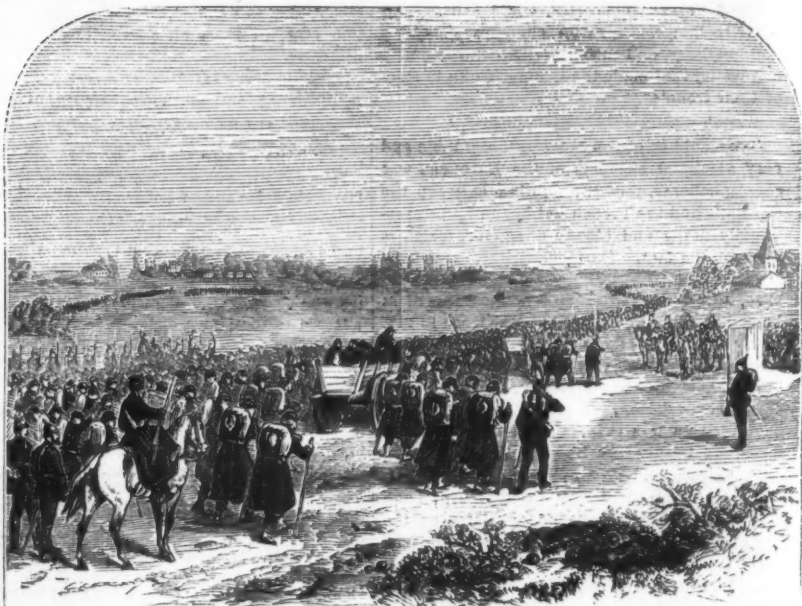
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 207.



FRANCE.—RUINS OF THE BURNT PALACE OF ST. CLOUD, NEAR PARIS, FIRED BY FRENCH SHOT.



FRANCE.—RUINS OF THE LANTERN OF DIOGENES, NEAR THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.



FRANCE.—THE SURRENDER OF METZ—THE ARMY OF BAZAINE MARCHING OUT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS SURROUNDING THE CITY.



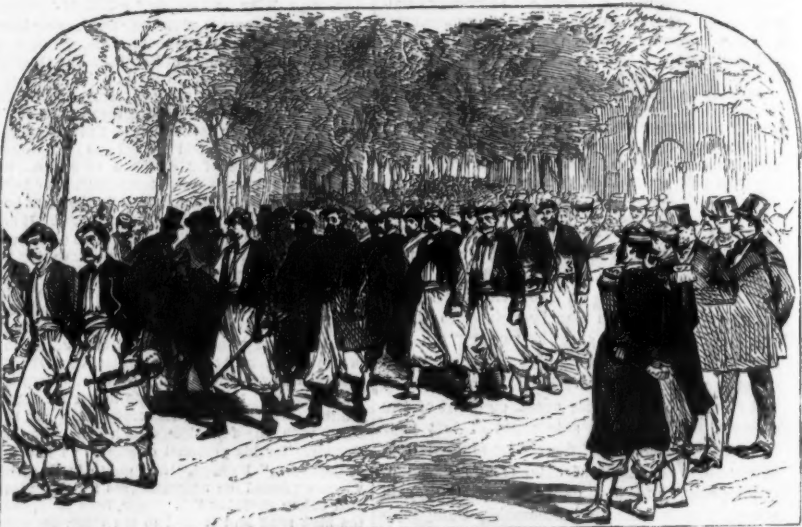
FRANCE.—THE DEFENSE OF PARIS—THE LOOKOUT POST AT THE BOND POINT OF COUREVOIE.



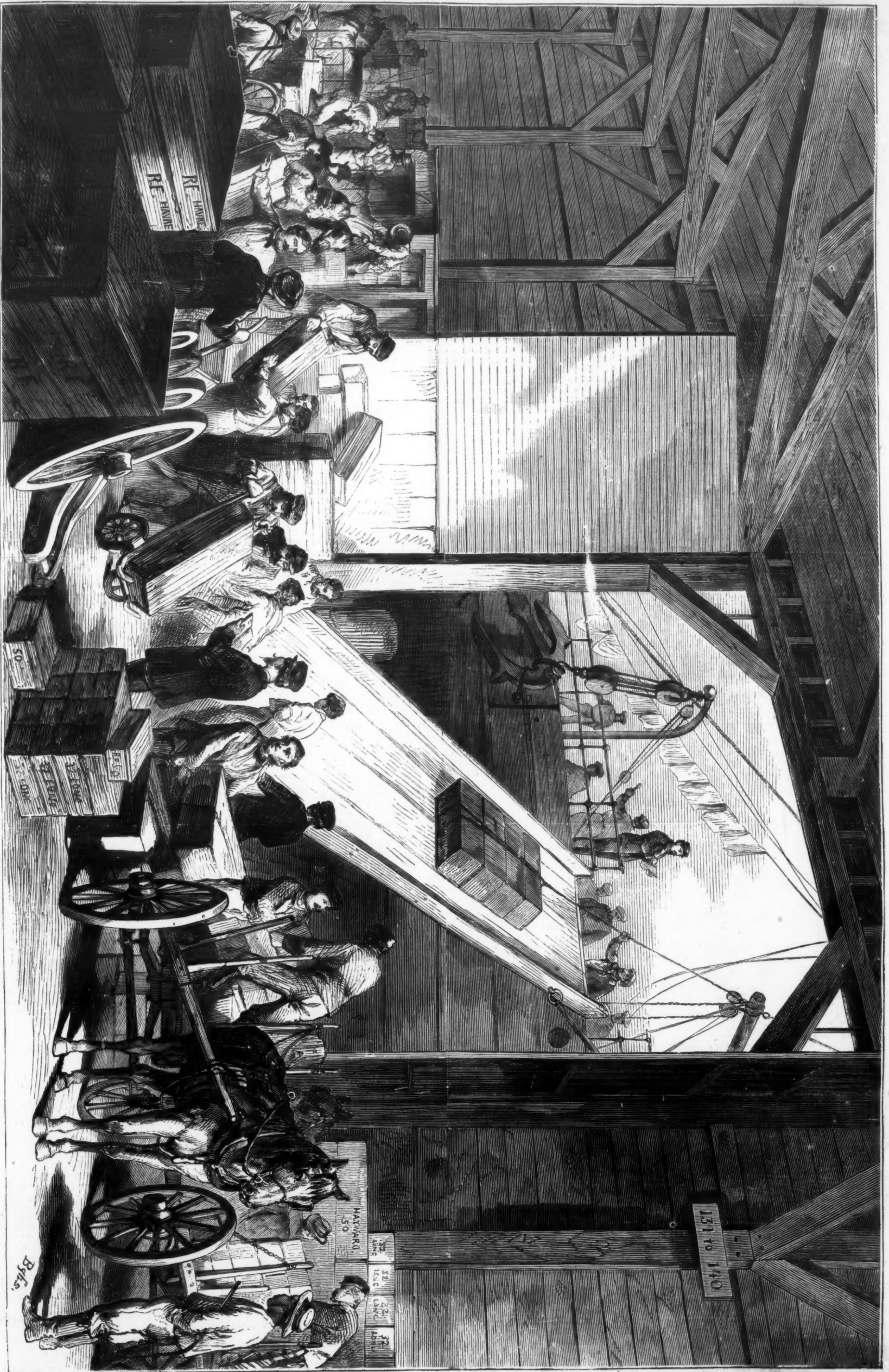
FRANCE.—A BATTALION OF FRANCE-TIREURS PASSING THROUGH THE CITY OF TOURS, CARRYING WITH THEM THE FLAG OF DEATH.



FRANCE.—ON THE SEINE, NEAR BOUGIVAL—"SHELLS AND LEAVES," IN A RETIRED SPOT.



FRANCE.—ARRIVAL OF A BODY OF ZOUAVES, LATE OF THE PAPAL ARMY, AT TOURS, AS VOLUNTEERS FOR FRANCE.



NEW YORK HARBOR.—LOADING WITH AMERICAN WAR MATERIEL THE FRENCH STEAMSHIP VILLE DE PARIS, AT PIER 60, NORTH RIVER.—SEE PAGE 211.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

BY J. B. SWETT.

I come from the den of the demon dread,
Whose throne is down in the depths below,
That he may gloat o'er the mangled dead,
And all the measure of human woe.

I come with the blare of the trumpet's note,
With the roll of drum and the tramp of feet;
With the wind that stirreth the flags aloft,
And the clicking swords that in frenzy meet.

I come with the breath of consuming fire,
And I light the sky with its horrid gleam,
And I rattle the hearts of kings with ire,
Already drunk with ambition's dream.

I level the best to the dust of earth,
I trample the innocent and the good,
That the ruler who sent me may feel the mirth
That he always feels at the sight of blood.

I come with the boom of the ponderous gun,
And its stifling, sickening, sulphur smell;
I sweep the earth till my work is done,
Ere I go back to the haunts of hell.

I blacken the face of the blooming earth;
The hearts of the mothers and wives I break;
I sit like a curse on the peasant's hearth,
And the demon laughs at the pyres I make.

I waste the stores of the frugal hand;
I scatter the treasures of toilsome years;
I rush, with a howl, through the withering
land,
And count my gains by the flow of tears.

I scoff at the prayers of the starving wretch;
I sneer at the fatherless when they cry;
And the thin, white hands, that for food out-
stretch,
I stain with the plague, as I'm sweeping by.

My blight is the blight that withers the world,
And yet men court me, and honor my way;
Their gaudiest banners are all unfurled,
And they greet my coming with music gay.
I'm the Moloch they dread, yet my fiery arms
They throng to, and perish with shrieks of
pain;

I fill their hearts with the worst alarms,
And yet they exultingly welcome my reign.
But there is a day when the world shall know
My coming to darken its face no more;
My name will be known as a spirit of woe,
Whose might has fled, and whose work is
o'er;

For the Spirit of Love, in the upper skies,
To whom e'en the demon below must bend,
Has heard, with compassion, his children's
cries,
And a day appoints when my work shall end.

Yet, until that day when my power has fled,
I'll deluge the earth with a fiery flood,
And I'll heap up winnows of ghastly dead,
And darken the rivers and seas with blood;
And the demon below, on his gloomy throne,
Will joy at the harvests I bring him in,
For he knows where I've reaped I have surely
sown.

The rankest seeds of the direst sin.

BROUGHT TO THE POINT.

"Do you believe in spirits, Captain Slade?"
And the speaker looked up seriously from
her drawing, balancing a small pencil on a very
dainty little finger.

Those two—Rosie Brandon and Arthur Slade
—would have made a pretty picture, now that
Art delights in depicting modern young ladies
in "costumes," and gentlemen of the period,
instead of gods and goddesses, in nothing par-
ticular. Rosie was like her name, having a
dear little face with a rosebud mouth, and be-
ing very pleasant to look upon; and Captain
Slade, who was evidently of that opinion also,
looked well matched with her, being as fine a
specimen of the gentleman as you might wish
to see.

"Well, that depends on what you mean by
the word, Miss Brandon," he replied, abstract-
edly. "It has a rather wide signification."

"I mean," she said, laying her pencil down,
and still more serious, "that if you love any
one very, very much, it is possible that they
may come to you after death—just possible, you
know," she added. "Don't reason me out of
the idea, as I know you are going to do. I like
to believe it."

"Then I won't say a word about it," he said,
his face suddenly flushing; "but, in turn, I
will ask you a question which is of far more
importance to me. I have been afraid to say
anything about it, for you are so much too good
for me—but I can't keep quiet longer. Rosie,
my darling, do you think you could—"

"Mr. Smithers, if you please, miss," and at
this most inopportune moment a lank young
curate was ushered in.

Was ever anything more provoking? Rosie
felt as if she could have cried with vexation,
and the captain glared at him as if his coming
were a personal insult. Mr. Smithers, how-
ever, being preoccupied and shortsighted, saw
neither Arthur's frowns nor Rosie's blushes, but
plunged into the account of school-treat prepa-
rations, the widow's tea, etc.

By the time these subjects were exhausted,
the family party had collected, and any chance
for a further tête-à-tête for the two was gone.
Arthur stood pulling his mustache, and now
and then furtively looking at Rosie, who drew
diligently, though, it must be confessed, more
to the detriment of her picture than other-
wise.

"Have you any commissions for me in town,
Mrs. Brandon?" he said at last, ruefully looking
at his watch. "I have to go up to-day on busi-
ness, but I only stay the night."

If Captain Slade would bring home a valu-
able brooch, which had been repaired, it would
be so much safer than sending it through the
post, and a line to the jeweler could be written
in a moment. When the note was written,
Arthur took leave of all Rosie's sisters in order,

and then, coming to her, held out his hand with
a wistful look. The soft little fingers were
trembling and cold, but he felt sure they
slightly returned his pressure; and he went
away happier, though disappointed.

"Oh, Mrs. Brandon, what do you think?"
exclaimed Miss Smithers, bursting, the next
day, into the room where the good lady was
sewing. "There has been such a dreadful rail-
way accident! The train has been run into,
and ever so many people killed! Poor Mr.
Binks, and Mrs. James at the corner, and that
good-looking young Captain Slade, and—"

"Captain Slade! how very shocking!" cried
Mrs. Brandon. "We know him quite well, and
—oh, dear! my diamond brooch— Why,
Rosie, my child, what is the matter?"

For poor little Rosie, with a dreadful look in
her eyes, and her lips white and parted, was
standing close at hand. As her mother spoke,
she made a step forward, and fell fainting.
Miss Smithers departed, amid the general con-
fusion, to remark confidentially to a friend or
two that Rose Brandon had fainted; she had just
left her in one. She always thought that red
and white complexion really very unwholesome,
though people admired it.

When Rosie opened her eyes again, in bewil-
derment that slowly grew to a dull, intolerable
pain, she steadfastly refused to answer the
questions that were asked her. "I want to be
alone, quite alone," moaned the poor child, and
so they laid her on the drawing-room sofa.
How shockingly bright was the summer day
now! though only a short time since the sun-
shine had seemed to accord so well with her
happy heart. They closed the Venetian blinds,
drew heavy curtains over the glass door that
led into the garden, leaving it open that a
breath of air might steal through the folds, and
left her—to have a nice sleep, they said.

A nice sleep! What a mockery all the tender
household sayings had been to her! None
knew of her grief, for Rosie had been shy of
speaking of her scarcely-found happiness. She
felt as if the past and future had been blotted
out, as if nothing ever could happen again—
ever had happened—but this one horrible
event. And yet she wondered why she could
not cry. Did she love him less than her pet
canary that died last week? No, not last week
—years, ages ago, when she was herself, and
had a heart, instead of this leaden weight that
did not feel, only pressed all the life out of her.

Oh, if she could die and go to Arthur! But
she could not die. She would go on living for
a length of years, and her youth would pass,
and wrinkles come, and her pretty hair grow
thin; and even her love would fade in the long
years, only leaving her a sad and spiritless old
maid. And poor little Rosie's mind wandered
in these sad labyrinths of thought hour after
hour, as she lay in the darkened room. One
memory after another passed before her, each
more full of pain than the other. Only yester-
day she was sitting at her drawing, and saw
him coming in from the garden through that
very door, now so heavily curtained. She
lived that scene over again in her mind, fever-
ishly recalling every word and look. She had
told him an old legend about the house they
lived in, and then she remembered what she
had said about spirits, and his look, and the
half-spoken words. How she hated Mr. Smith-
ers for interrupting them. If she could only
have told one word of her love! but now Ar-
thur would never know of it. Ah! if her be-
lief were but true, and his spirit could come to
her, and show her that "love was stronger
than the grave."

All at once a sudden light broke on the dark-
ness. She turned her heavy eyes; and there,
there between the curtains, stood her lost love,
in the sunshine, looking tenderly at her!

Rosie half-raised herself, held out her trem-
bling hands, and cried, "Arthur, my love! you
have come to me. I am not afraid; I am not
at all afraid."

"Afraid of what, darling?" replied the phan-
tom, in a tone of the greatest surprise. "Come
to you? Of course I have—straight from the
station. Have you a headache, that the room
is so darkened?"

The last words were lost upon Rosie. He
was kneeling by her, her head on his breast,
and a torrent of tears was utterly spoiling the
spectre's shirt-front. Gradually, with great
difficulty, he learned the truth; and by dint of
soothing and caressing, and laughing a little at
her, the tears dwindled into an occasional sob,
the color came back to the rosebud mouth, the
light to the eyes, and Rosie was herself again.

"It was all that gossiping Miss Smithers,"
Arthur explained. "That family seems des-
tined to annoy us. I had intended coming by
that train" (Rosie shuddered, and had to be
restored by a kiss), "but I found my business
would not let me. I was vexed at the time,
little thinking from what I was preserved. I
mentioned to Miss Smithers by chance what
time I should come back; and as I did not turn
up by that train, she added me to her list of
killed and wounded. Of course I hurried here
directly I returned, and came in this way, hop-
ing to find you alone. I was in dreadful sus-
pense, and when I heard my darling's first
words—"

"But I should never have said them," whis-
pered Rosie, blushing very much, "if I hadn't
thought you were—"

"A ghost," he answered, laughing. "I
knew that it was owing to a certain young
lady's belief in apparitions that I was spared
the torture of making an offer; for it is a tor-
ture to a shy fellow like me. Now, don't say a
word more; but keep quiet, and get your
nerves all right again."

Rosie pleaded to say one word, which was—
"I never cried at all about you, Arthur, till I
found nothing had happened to you."

But he didn't seem to take that very much to
heart.

According to the rules of fiction, Rosie ought
to have had brain fever, and even to have fur-
nished a touching death-bed scene; but all the
effects of her fright on this unromantic young

person were, that she did not get quite strong
for a few days, during which time a great deal
of Captain Slade's company was required to di-
vert and amuse her.

FREAKS OF THE IMAGINATION.
"Such tricks hath strong imagination."
—SHAKESPEARE.

THE influences of the imagination upon the
mind and body, when elevating, impart vigor
to both; infuse hope and cheerfulness; inspire
poetic fancy and eloquence; restore health and
obviate disease. When depressing, on the
contrary, they occasion gloom and melancholy;
weaken the mind and foster indolence and in-
action; and lead to fear of danger, terror and
remorse, ending in insanity and suicide. Sleep-
lessness, loss of appetite, a haggard look,
paleness, emaciation, eccentricity of conduct
are induced, and disease often follows of which
the symptoms may have been previously latent.

Insanity consists in errors of the imagination;
in a perversion, more or less complete, of the
moral and intellectual faculties; and correctness
of judgment is either impaired or lost. It varies
in degree from hallucination sufficient to im-
part eccentricity to the behavior—as in the
case of two young ladies, one of whom con-
stantly perceived noisome smells, and the other
saw spots of dirt upon her own person, or
on things around her—to graver delusions, in-
volving serious consequences to the patient
himself, or to those about him, and calling for
seclusion and restraint.

Sometimes it displays itself in a reckless
prodigality; sometimes in an unfounded dread
of impending poverty, or threatened perdition,
under which men have destroyed themselves,
their wives and children, to shield them from
the imaginary evil. Sometimes again, in a fear
of poisoning; in belief of conspiracy, or imagi-
nary intended injury, or exists under some
strong religious delusion, all of which have led
to murder, suicide and arson. Guy Fawkes, in
his insane zeal for his newly-acquired religion,
came very near succeeding in blowing up both
Houses of Parliament, king, lords and commons
assembled; and John Martin, a religious fanatic,
believing himself to be divinely commissioned,
set fire to and seriously damaged the venerable,
antique and beautiful structure, Yorkminster
Cathedral.

From milder forms of dementia to maniacal
raving the transition is gradual; or, the latter
may be abruptly developed.

In the following pages, however, I intend
to confine myself only to those allied in-
stances of solitary, occasional, or transitory
hallucination, which, depending on the action
of morbid causes of disordered thought on the
mind or body, are readily distinguished from
truth by the judgment, and corrigible by the
reason, or are sufficiently explicable by natural
causes. It cannot be said of the many great
and good men, whose ideas we shall, as we pro-
ceed, show to have been often unfounded and
extravagant, that they were insane, except
upon the general principle of the Latin poet,
that "Semel insanavimus omnes," that even
the good Homer sometimes adds, and that
"Men are not at all times wise."

The psychological effects of the imagination
may, for convenience, be arranged under five
general heads. 1st. Simple, evanescent hallu-
cinations, or illusions of sight, smell, hearing,
etc. 2d. The results of high religious enthusi-
asm. 3d. Dreams, or fixed convictions in the
mind, or presentiments, which have so singu-
larly coincided with the events of the future, as
to have appeared prophetic-foresight, second-
sight, prevision, etc. 4th. The effects of terror
and remorse. 5th. The physical effects of the
imagination upon the body—all of which we
proceed to illustrate by apposite examples.

The learned and pious Dr. Johnson often
heard his mother calling to him by his Christian
name, "Sam." The great Pascal for some
time fancied that there was a vacuum on the
floor beside him, and required that a chair
should be placed upon the spot, that his reason
might convince him of his error. Sir Walter
Scott, soon after the death of his friend Lord
Byron, on entering his dining-room, saw the
image of his friend before him, perfect in every
particular. Upon investigation, the vision was
found to depend upon the accidental arrange-
ment of a piece of drapery upon a screen. This
was pure imagination; and the next is like unto
it. A gentleman traveling in Scotland lost his
way, and took refuge in a lonely cottage for the
night. The walls of the room in which he lay
had been broken to allow of the exit of the
corpse of a peddler who had hanged himself
behind the door in the room—for it is not the
custom in that country, in such cases, to remove
the body of a suicide in the usual way. He
awoke, after a frightful vision, in great terror,
and saw by the moonlight a corpse, in a wind-
ing-sheet, standing up behind the door, close to
the window. After considerable hesitation, he
determined to examine more closely the object
of his alarm, which he found to be produced
by the rays of the moon forming a long illu-
minated image, which his imagination, frightened
by his dream, had metamorphosed into a corpse
prepared for burial. Lord Grey, once Premier
of England, after a period of great Parlia-
mentary fatigue and excitement, was much
annoyed by a spectre-head which intruded it-
self upon him in his study; and Andral, the
great French physician, saw very distinctly,
after leaving a dissecting-room, a corpse before
him. Another instance of hallucination, not,
however, peculiar to him, occurred to the cele-
brated English statesman Lord Castlereagh.

Staying at an old castle in the North of Ireland,
he saw, after retiring to bed, the figure of a
beautiful child, surrounded by a halo, at some
distance from him. On inquiry, next morning,
he was told a family legend of a "radiant
child," which appeared at intervals to persons
occupying the apartment. He saw it once
again in the House of Commons. In 1823, in a
fit of insanity, he deliberately severed the car-
otid artery with his own hand.

Talma, the great French tragedian, explained
his forcible acting, by saying that he possessed
a power of turning at will, in his imagination,
the well-dressed audience before him into skele-
tons; and to them he played.

"Rare Ben Jonson" passed a whole night in
watching his armchair, around which he men-
tally beheld Turks, Tartars and Roman Catho-
lics fighting. Tartini, a celebrated composer,
heard in a dream the devil play beautifully a
sonata, which he himself had failed to compose,
upon the violin. He awoke delighted, rose,
and noted down the music, and published it as
the well-known "Devil's Sonata." Martin, the
painter, saw in his mind, a picture which he
had not yet contemplated. The "Ghost"
seen by Hamlet is but the impersonation of
ideas on which he had long dwelt, distracted
by grief at the murder of his father; and in his
"mind's eye" he sees him attired as when he
lived, and hears, or seems to hear, from his lips
the confirmation of his preconceived suspicions.

Socrates and Tasso had familiar spirits. Saul
an evil one, which departed from him at the
sound of David's harp, as the dark cloud did
from the soul of Angus McAulay, in the "Legend
of Montrose," at that of sweet Annot Lyle's.
Brutus had an evil genius, which twice visited
him, the second time in his tent on the eve of
the battle of Philippi, to predict to him his ap-
proaching death and defeat.

General Rapp, the favorite aide-de-camp of
Bonaparte, entering one day, unannounced,
into his master's cabinet, found him in a deep
reverie. On being aroused, the Emperor
seized Rapp by the arm, and said, "Look up
there! That is my star beaming before you;
I see it on every great occasion, and it is an
unfailing omen of success."

Constantine the Great, while hesitating whe-
ther to advance into Italy, beheld in the heav-
ens the appearance of a fiery cross, with the
words, "In hoc signo vinces," and cheered by
the omen, and carrying before him a banner
similarly inscribed, marched confidently on to
victory.

Religious enthusiasm is a great incentive to
the imagination, and many great men believed
themselves to hold direct intercourse with God,
angels and spirits.

Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers; Ig-
natiush Loyola, a convert from military life to
the extreme of monastic austerity; Sweden-
borg, Cromwell, Malebranche, Cellini, Des-
cartes, Goethe, and Bernadotte, were similarly
favored in imagination. Joan of Arc had for
many years visions of saints and angels, the
last of which determined her application to the
Governor of Vaucuse, who armed, equipped,
and sent her forth on her military career.

Saint Theresa had many divine ecstasies and
beatitudes, of which she has given us a very
vivid account. Galen was persuaded to pursue
the study of medicine by a vision of Apollo.

Luther had many "keen encounters of the
wit" with the Evil One on religious matters;
and upon one occasion, having detected him in
the guise of the Saviour, in a fit of anger he
threw his inkstand at him, upon which the
devil immediately fled. The stain upon the
wall made by the ink was, for a long time, and,
for anything I know to the contrary, may still
be, visible in the room which he occupied as a
study in Wittenburg. All readers of "Old
Mortality" will remember the fierce encounters
between the Foul Fiend and that stern and en-
thusiastic fanatic, John Balfour, of Burleigh, in
his secret retreat at the Black Linn of Link-
later.

The Scriptures relate many instances of su-
pernatural visions. That of Moses on Mount
Sinai, of Elias and Ezekiel, of St. John and St.
Peter, the scene at the Transfiguration, the ap-
pearing to Thomas, etc., and lastly, the conver-
sation of St. Paul, would, but for their divine
origin and miraculous character, have been
ranked in the category of visionary imagina-
tions.

The Abbe Bossuet, in his funeral sermon on
the death of Anne de Gonzaga, Princess Palat-
inate, describes the wonderful dream to which
she ascribed her conversion.

An instance of this of later date, and well
authenticated, is very interesting. Colonel
Gardner, a man of very loose morality, taking
up by chance, and perusing it to while away an
idle hour, a religious book, perceived an extra-
ordinary light to fall upon it, and, looking up,
beheld our Saviour on the cross, encircled with
glory, who said to him, "O sinner, see to what
condition thy crimes have reduced me." The
apparition produced so profound an impression
upon the libertine, that he renounced the
former style of his life, and became a very re-
ligious character.

Instances of dreams—the imaginations of
sleeping men, as hallucinations are those of
the waking state—which recall the past, or seem
prophetic of the future, or of warning, or pre-
vision, are numerous and interesting, and the
coincidences attending them sometimes, to say
the least, very remarkable. As illustrations of
this fact I shall begin with the old story of the
two friends who arrived together at Megara,
but occupied separate lodgings in the town.

One of them was twice disturbed in the night
by dreaming that his friend was in danger of
assassination, and calling to him for help. The
third time his friend appeared to him bleeding
and disfigured, and reproaching him with his
delay, as it was then too late to save his life,
directed him to go at early daybreak to the
city gate, and to stop and unload a certain cart
as it was passing, and that under the dung with
which it was laden he would find his murdered
body. Struck by the persistence of his dream,
he obeyed the mandate. The corpse was found
as had been indicated, and the assassin arrested
and punished.

A young lady, residing with her uncle in the
country, beheld in a dream all the circum-
stances connected with the death of her mo-
ther, who lived at a considerable distance, par-
ticularly observing the eagerness displayed by
the dying woman for her presence. The next
day a letter arrived informing the uncle of the

event, and in all respects conforming to the scene which had presented itself to her imagination.

A very striking instance of timely warning, conveyed by a dream, is the following: A Protestant minister visited Edinburgh, at a considerable distance from his own home. While there, he dreamed that his house was on fire, and one of his children in the flames. He instantly arose, dressed himself, and hurried back, to find his dream true, and just in time to rescue one of his children, who had been abandoned in the confusion.

Instances of forewarning, presentiment and prevision are equally numerous and remarkable. Miss Lee, a daughter of Sir Charles Lee, a very charming girl, about to be married, was awakened from her sleep by a bright light in her chamber. She slept again, and was again awakened about two in the morning, when she beheld a little old woman, who told her she was her mother, and would visit her again that day at noon. Miss Lee remained in her room until nine o'clock, when she came out, bringing with her a sealed letter, which she gave to her aunt, to be delivered to her father after her death, and relating the circumstances of her vision. After having prayed with the chaplain, and played some sacred airs with perfect melody, she arose toward noon, desiring to be placed in a large armchair; then, heaving one or two gentle sighs, she expired. This is a striking although melancholy instance of a forcible impression made upon a lively imagination, in connection, probably, with heart-disease, and they are not uncommon. A young lady was persuaded to submit, much against her will, to the removal of a small and insignificant tumor by the late eminent English surgeon Mr. Cline. She declared that she should not survive the operation, and, without apparently sufficient cause, died in a short time afterward of the shock.

A very remarkable instance of presentiment is as follows: Agnes, niece of the Prince de B., residing at a chateau in Galicia, had always from infancy exhibited a strange and decided repugnance to passing through a doorway over which hung a heavily framed picture, and always avoided doing so when possible. On the occasion of her entrance into society and her approaching marriage, she had invited some young friends to spend a few days with her; and, in the course of their rambles, they arrived at this door. Leading the group, again she hesitated at passing through it, when one of the young ladies drew her on into the adjoining room, and slammed the door behind her. The heavy picture, insecurely fastened and violently shaken, fell, and, striking her upon the head, killed her instantly.

The following remarkable instance of premonition of, and escape from danger, is given upon the authority of Monsieur de Talleyrand, the celebrated diplomatist, to whom it occurred: Monsieur de T. resided for some time in this city, with a friend to whom he was much attached. They were about to sail together to the Indies, and were awaiting a favorable wind. During this interval B. exhibited unusual excitement. One day they went together to the Battery, and at the water's edge Talleyrand was struck with alarm at B.'s incoherence and action. Fixing his eyes sternly upon him, he said: "B., you intend to throw me into the water." B. burst into tears, and admitted the intention, which, in another instant, he would have carried into effect. Excitement had rendered him insane. Monsieur de T. never related this incident without the deepest emotion.

Many instances of prevision of approaching death are upon record. The Colonel Gardner whose conversion we have previously related, received, on the night before the battle of Prestonpans, in which he lost his life, a mysterious revelation of his approaching end. The late lamented Princess Charlotte of England entertained the gloomiest forebodings as to the result of her approaching confinement—unhappily too well founded—and a touching letter from her to her mother, in relation to the event, exists.

Certain Highland seers possess, or were believed to possess, the faculty of prevision into the future, or, as it was called, second-sight. The warning given to Lochiel, as related by Thomas Campbell, is a well-known gem of English poetry. In the "Legend of Montrose," by Sir Walter Scott, Angus McAulay, chief of a clan—a man of morose disposition and subject to fits of gloomy abstraction, and reputed to possess this power of penetrating the veil of the future—confides to another seer, Ranaid of the Mist, the fact that upon three separate occasions he had beheld a man in the garb of a Highlander, whose face was constantly averted from him, plunge his dirk into the throat of the young, handsome and gallant Earl of Montteith, of whom he was furiously jealous. "Have you reversed your plaid?" said Ranaid. "I have." "And in what guise did the phantom then appear?" "With his plaid also reversed," was the answer. "Then rest assured," said Ranaid, "that no other hand than your own shall inflict the blow." "So had my soul surmised," said McAulay; and so indeed it proved; but owing to the precaution taken by the earl, of wearing a corselet of linked mail, it was not fatal. He recovered from the wound and lived to marry Annot Lyle, the innocent cause of this unhappy rivalry.

Memory, reawakened in dreams, often recalls the past, and with important consequences. Lost deeds and treasures have thus been recovered, and errors discovered and rectified. A cashier of a Glasgow bank paid to a noisy, stuttering, importunate fellow, out of his turn, a check for six pounds, which he omitted to enter; and at the close of the year the books would not balance by this amount. Search for the error was fruitless. Some time after, all the circumstances of the affair occurred to the mind of the cashier in a dream, and the deficiency was accounted for. An official in the Home Office, London, entrusted with the forwarding of a respite, dreamed that

It had been forgotten to be sent. Hastening to the office, he found it there, overlooked, and was fortunately enabled to dispatch it in time to save a man from the gallows. "Such is the stuff of which dreams are made."

Somnambulists, in their sleep, do things of which, when awake, they would be incapable: compose, solve problems, take long and dangerous walks and rides, etc. Sometimes, too, they commit crimes, for which, under the circumstances, they are not morally responsible. A somnambulist monk, having dreamed that the Prior of his convent had killed his mother, arose and went into the Prior's apartment to avenge the injury which he imagined had been done to him. The Prior, luckily for himself, was sitting up later than usual. The monk, with eyes wide open and an angry scowl upon his face, walked straight up to the bed, and with a large knife which he held in his hand struck three heavy blows, penetrating the mattress. This done, he returned to his cell, smiling and content. Interrogated next day, he acknowledged his dream—from which, he said, he had awoke bathed in perspiration—and was shocked to find how nearly it had been realized. Measures were adopted to prevent his wanderings for the future.

Fear is a terrible agent in exciting the imagination, and leads often to the most disastrous consequences to both mind and body. Byron tells us that "men's hairs grow gray by sudden fears." Those of poor Marie Antoinette did, in the short time that elapsed between her sentence and decapitation. A servant-girl, in whose bed a skeleton had been placed by some thoughtless medical students, became, upon beholding it, violently and hopelessly insane.

Night is the time in which the imagination exerts its greatest influence. Every little noise alarms, and every object acquires a suspicious aspect and importance.

"In the night," says Shakespeare, "some fear imagined, how easily a bush becomes a bear!" Burns tells us that he suffered much in childhood from listening to an unusually superstitious old woman who lived near him, and who possessed a great collection of stories of devils, ghosts, fairies, and hobgoblins. "Not only," says he, "she cultivated in me the germs of poetry, but even now, in my nocturnal rambles, I keep my eye on certain suspicious places, and it requires a strong effort of philosophy to chase away these vain terrors." He illustrates most vividly, in his celebrated poem of "Tam o' Shanter," the influence of these nocturnal fears upon the mind of a superstitious, ignorant and intoxicated peasant, who supposes himself to be hotly pursued by a crowd of infuriated witches, and attains, only by a hair's breadth, the bridge of safety over which they can no longer follow him. And Irving, our own "sweet warbler of poetic prose," has graphically depicted them in the headlong flight of the terrified Ichabod Crane across the bridge in Sleepy Hollow, pursued, in imagination, by the Headless Horseman.

It is, however, when the consciousness of guilt, and remorse for some great crime committed, overwhelm the soul with terror, and memory, at all moments—sleeping and waking, amid the bustle, cares and business of life as amid the deepest seclusion—incessantly recalls the events of the past, that the influences of a disordered imagination reach their zenith. No more striking example is on record of retributive justice in this life than the state of mind in which Charles IX. of France passed the time which elapsed between his death and the odious Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which, if he did not instigate, he sanctioned and abetted, and to which he contributed with his own hand. His lonely hours were disturbed by a repetition of the cries and shrieks which he had heard. He dared not be alone. He despaired of pardon. Blood was always around him on every side. "I am always in terror," he said to his surgeon, the celebrated Ambrose Paré, "for at all times, asleep or awake, I seem to see those murdered bodies, covered with blood, and making hideous faces at me." Such was the extremity of his agony, that, as if in *memoriam*, his own blood sweated from his pores in various places of his body—a fitting retribution for an act of treacherous and diabolical cruelty.

Another very striking instance of the effect of remorse upon the imagination, even to the production of insanity, is the case of the surgeon Manroy, who, in 1634, in accordance with the ignorance and superstition of the period, was charged to ascertain whether the body of one Grandier, accused of crime, was in any part insensible to pain. This duty he performed with horrible barbarity. One night, as he was returning from visiting a patient, he suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! there is Grandier!" He was taken home raving, and died in four days, to the last endeavoring to repulse the spectre which he believed to stand before him and talking in a horrible manner.

Sir Walter Scott, in a small serial work much quoted from, published many years ago, on "Demonology and Witchcraft," relates the following as one of many similar cases, wherein it seems to be shown that the influence of a superstitious terror is sometimes employed by Providence as a means of exciting repentance in a criminal and securing his punishment: Matcham, a pay-sergeant, while absent on duty, was discovered to be a defaulter, and a little drummer-boy was sent on alone to recall him. This boy he murdered on the road, and then escaped from England. After passing several years abroad, he returned, and, on Salisbury plain, during a violent thunderstorm, became intensely excited, and saw the little drummer-boy, with blood-stained trowsers, closely following him. Unable any longer to endure the agony of remorse which he had so long suffered, he confessed his crime, was convicted and executed, persisting to the last in the reality of the vision he had seen on Salisbury plain.

Similar is the case of Raynal, an innkeeper of York, who murdered a man named Fletcher by drowning him, and buried his body beneath the roots of an old oak. Two months afterward

he saw the ghost of Fletcher rise up before him, calling upon him to repent. From that moment the impression never left him. He became melancholy and sleepless, and at length, coerced by the stings of conscience, he confessed his guilt, and, with his accomplices, was hung upon the spot where Fletcher was buried.

A belief in witchcraft was very general in England, Europe, and even in our own Eastern States some two centuries ago, which cost the lives of hundreds of innocent persons and the infliction of the most cruel tortures. Even now it is not wholly extinguished in the minds of the ignorant, superstitious and credulous in various countries, or in our own. Remnants of it still exist here, in England, Sweden, and elsewhere. The Sicilians believe in the malign and withering influence of the "evil eye"; the native African has his ordeal by Sassa-wood; and the West Indian black languishes and dies under the influence of Obi—all pure effects of a disordered imagination.

But here this catalogue of the freaks of fancy must conclude for the present. It is far, however, from being exhausted, and at a future period I hope to adduce some further and equally interesting instances of its influence.

EXPLOSION OF THE CITADEL OF LAON.

The blowing up of the citadel of Laon was one of the most vengeful and fiendish episodes of the war, and will be stamped with all the ignominy which it deserves. We give in this week's paper an illustration of the ruins as they appeared to our correspondent with the Prussian army.

SHIPPING WAR MATERIALS FOR FRANCE.

DURING the progress of the Franco-Prussian war, the friends of each nation resident in this country have given frequent manifestation of their patriotism. The fairs, both German and French, have been enthusiastically carried out; and their object commending them to the humane sentiments of all classes, they have received substantial aid from our own citizens. The natives of France have been particularly active, and their zeal has manifested itself in a manner best calculated to render immediate service. For weeks past the steamships bound for Brest have taken from our shores large consignments of war material of almost every description. The Lafayette, which sailed recently, carried a valuable cargo of rifles, ammunition, revolvers, and small cannon, while the Ville de Paris, which left on Saturday last from Pier 50, North River, was, through the liberality of our French residents, converted into a floating arsenal. The materials were carefully packed in boxes, for the double purpose of easy storage and secrecy, and for several days prior to sailing a large squad of men were extremely active in unloading on the pier the materials for human carnage. The boxes were carefully stowed away in the hold of the steamship, and no vessel crossing her ocean wake would imagine the nature or value of her cargo.

THE FRENCH VICTORY AT ORLEANS.

THE solitary "affair" beyond the dignity of a skirmish, in which the French have gained the advantage, during the whole course of the existing war, was that of Orleans, Nov. 9th, in which that city was recaptured by a portion of the Army of the Loire, under General d'Aurelle de Paladines. The Germans were commanded by General Von Der Tann. The first division of the French, under General Cathelineau, first entered the town from the south, driving the Bavarians from the bridge they defended, and which they lacked time to explode, as intended. Even their guns were abandoned. At Becon a determined stand was made, and a fight occurred, with severe losses on both sides. The Prussians were beaten, their intrenchments stormed, and they left one hundred wagons, with provisions and forage. Two guns, numerous caissons, and General Von Der Tann's carriage, were taken, and the general himself nearly captured. The French did not follow up their success, and the Germans fell back slowly until reinforced. They were largely outnumbered in the fight.

INSIDE PARIS—WAITING TO BUY MEAT.

ON the back page of our Supplement this week we give a spirited illustration of a scene which may be seen now on almost any fine morning in Paris. Our artist-correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, taken on the spot, informs us that Government, with a view, probably, of reviving the drooping of those—and they are legion—whose anxiety in regard to their dinner dominates the deeper feeling of patriotism, has entered into a contract for no one knows how many thousand head of cattle, to be delivered in about a fortnight's time—"just at the moment," adds our correspondent, "when our stock of beef and mutton will be exhausted, and horse will be our only animal food." As, during the past six weeks, not so much as an extra sheep or pig has made its appearance within the walls, one can readily estimate the chances of the arrival of these untold kine. It is quite certain that here and there the French have succeeded in pushing the Prussians back; still, with all this, they have not been able to get in a single letter, let alone ten thousand oxen, and our correspondent says he don't know how they are going to do it—nor do we either, unless they thrash the Prussians, and that they seem neither disposed nor prepared to do. From the earliest hour of the morning until noon the butcher-shops are

the great points of attraction, and are besieged by a crowd of men, women, children—some well-dressed gentlemen, and lady-like, handsome women, some middle-aged, some old, and some young; children—some well-clothed, and some in rags, some rich, some poor—all eager and clamoring for admittance; and all, perhaps for the first time in their lives, meet upon an equality. In fact, at one of the entrances to these butcher-shops, one might read the character of all Paris in the crowd before him.

BRINGING IN A SPY BEFORE PARIS.

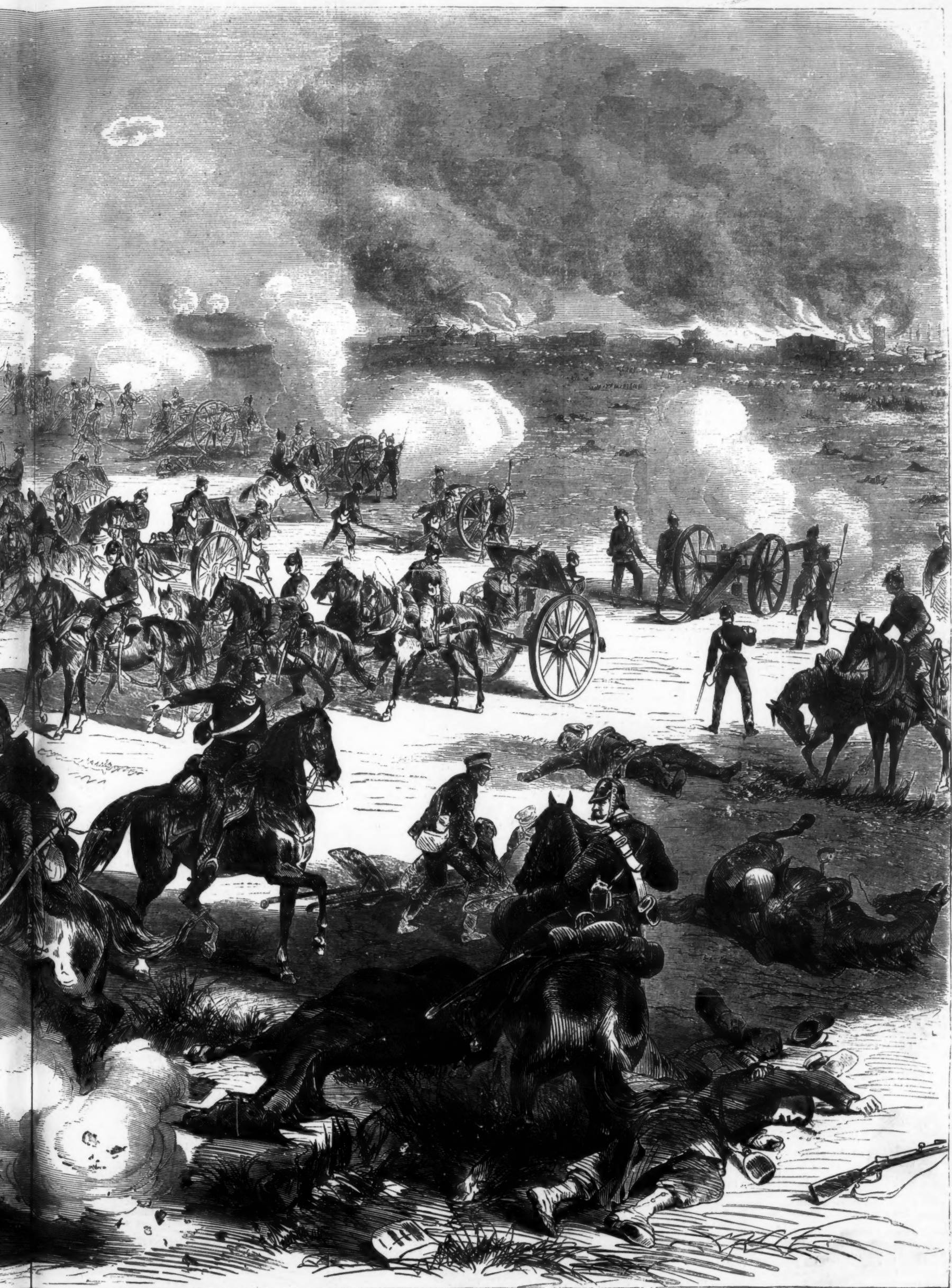
It would appear from the accounts we receive from the belligerents—the French and Prussians—that spies are particularly active on both sides. Indeed, hunting out these worthy personages seems to be a sort of pastime that greatly helps to relieve the monotony of camp life. Our engraving illustrates the capture by Prussian lancers of an old gentleman whom they found wandering, apparently half-demented, within the Prussian lines, and without object or purpose. But, on searching his person, important papers were found secreted, which at once revealed his character. He was taken to headquarters, where, shortly afterward, he met the fate war deals out to those who are captured and convicted as spies.

NEWS BREVITIES.

DETROIT has a fire-alarm telegraph.
KANSAS CITY has a Chinese laundry.
BEAR-MEAT is cheaper than beef at Omaha.
FLESH-COLORED gloves are the latest fashion.
THAT Terre Haute salt well has got down 1,900 feet.
DETROIT papers are urging ladies to wear suspenders.
By the laws of Iowa no quail can be shot before 1872.
BALTIMORE is to equip its night-police with dark-lanterns.
HALL COUNTY, Ga., has mined \$1,000,000 worth of gold.
TEN Louisville journalists have died in the last twelve months.
ABOUT one hundred white swans are sojourning on Lake Mendota, Wis.
AN ex-slave from Virginia, thirty-five years of age, has entered Rutgers College.
A CITIZEN of Maine traveled eighty miles in a sleigh in Aroostook County last week.
THE earnings of the Troy horse-railroad last year were just the salary of a conductor.
THE Pittsburgh "Leader" has appeared as a daily evening instead of a weekly paper.
FASHIONABLE sleighs, with a seat in the rear for a lackey, are to be introduced this season.
A WELL-DEFINED case of spontaneous combustion in 7,000 tons of coal has appeared in Troy.
BRAZIL, with nearly 2,000,000,000 acres of land, has a population of less than 10,000,000 souls.
PORTIONS of Harvard College grounds are being arranged in beds and planted with shrubbery.
THE citizens of Raynham, Mass., are talking of erecting a soldiers' monument at a cost of \$1,500.
BELFAST, Me., has decided to celebrate the centennial anniversary of its settlement on Forefathers' Day.
FOUR Cape May gentlemen shot seventy-four wild ducks a few days since, besides a number of other birds.
A REVOLVING tower, to be used for observation with the telescope, is erecting on the Yale Athenaeum building.
THE best quality of charcoal pig-iron can be profitably produced in Tennessee and Georgia for less than \$20 per ton.
A YOUNG murderer awaiting trial in the jail of De Kalb County, Ill., busily employs himself in completing his education.
SQUIRRELS are swimming the Ohio River in droves, and are being killed in great profusion in gardens and yards near the streams.
A LETTER was received at the Bangor, Me., post-office recently directed to Chagogagogmagogagog, Quogmagogmagog County, Me.
ACCORDING to the United States census, there is a servant-girl in Evansville, Ind., sixteen years old, who owns real estate worth \$50,000.
THE Laconia (N. H.) Democrat declaims as follows: "Meat in Paris is sold at a less price than it is here. Will somebody declare war and lay siege to this place?"
THE English families remaining in Paris are reported to be in very great distress. A fund has been opened for the relief of those who have reached England destitute.
SOUTHURY, Conn., is evidently in the longevity line. The town-clerk is ninety-five years old, and one of the citizens is a colored man of one hundred and ten years.
THERE is a general reluctance among residents of Meriden, Conn., to be interred in the cemetery there, as ardent agriculturists are in the habit of purloining the sepulchral loam.
THE sword and saddle used by the late General Kearny during the rebellion have been presented to the State of New Jersey, and will be preserved in the archives of the Capitol.
THE United Fellows is a secret society of colored people extending throughout the Union, and was first organized at Louisville, Ky., the 1st of last January, and reorganized in July following. It has for its object the amelioration of their race.
FROM the catalogue of Amhurst College for 1870-71, it appears that there are 65 seniors, 119 juniors, 76 sophomores, and 71 freshmen; in all 231 students. Of these, Massachusetts has 114; Connecticut, 99; Vermont, 11; Maine, 9; New Hampshire, 6; Rhode Island, 2.
A LYNX was captured in North Hatfield Mass., on Saturday evening last, after a hard fight and chase of three hours. It is the largest ever seen there, measuring over four feet in length and eighteen inches in height. It is suggested to place it in the hall now building as a nucleus for a museum of natural history.



THE FRENCH VICTORY AT ORLEANS—BAVARIAN ARTILLERY COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE GERMAN



THE GERMANS UNDER GENERAL VON DER TANN, NOVEMBER 9, 1870—THE FIGHT AT BECON.—SEE PAGE 211.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

MAIDEN, what of the night?
 "The night is clear, and its joys are sweet;
 I am waiting the sound of my lover's feet,
 And the passionate words his lips repeat."
 But the night is gone, and thy lover's
 tread
 Is fickle and false as the vows he said;
 You will wake from the dream with fancy
 bright,
 For Death and Change stalk forth at night.

Mother, what of the night?
 "The night is calm, and its peace is blest;
 I am clasping my boy to my swelling breast,
 As his spirit roams in the land of rest."
 But the night is gone, and the rest is
 o'er,
 And your innocent babe may wake no
 more;
 For mothers must weep o'er their fond hopes'
 blight—
 O'er the boyhood promise obscured in night.

True heart, what of the night?
 "The night is mine, for each star gem set
 In the vaulted dome I can never forget;
 They recall when I and my true love met."
 But the night is gone, and the stars o'er-
 head,
 Like the troth you gave, are dimmed and
 fled;
 For pride shall sever each true heart's
 plight,
 As morning scatters the stars of night.

Dreamer, what of the night?
 "The night is a time when my fancy is
 free,
 When my vessel speeds onward far over the
 sea,
 Where my castles gleam bright on the glitter-
 ing lea."
 But the night is gone, and the storms of
 day
 Shall banish your vision forever away!
 For the ripples that gleam 'neath the moon-
 beams' light
 Are born to wild breakers ere passeth the
 night.

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLIVIA had risen even earlier than usual on that lovely August morning, and it was but five o'clock when she was stealing out for her morning run. She opened her door, and saw Algernon Dacre softly descending, completely dressed, and with a valise in his hand.

A cold chill went to the child's heart. Was he going to leave her—to leave Albys without a farewell?

"Olivia, you here!" he said, starting at the light touch on his arm.

"You are not going," she said, piteously, "without saying good-by to me?"

He bent down and kissed her forehead.

"Without saying, but not without writing it, Olivia. I was just coming here to write a few lines to my little ward. What has made you get up so early, little one?" he added, touching her pale cheek.

"I could not sleep," she said; "I heard you walking about, and I thought something had grieved you. But why are you going so soon? Lady Alice said you would not leave till she did—to-morrow."

"Because it is right—because I ought not to stay," he said. "You can understand that, Olivia, child that you are."

"But are you sure that it is right?" she asked.

He laughed; yes, fairly laughed, in the very midst of his deep, grave sorrow.

"Olivia, why should you doubt it?" he said.

"Is it Lady Alice that sent you away?" she asked again.

Algernon hesitated. It was almost ludicrous to himself that he should confide in, or trust to the judgment of, so young a girl; but there was something so remarkable in her character, and she seemed to be the only creature who really loved him, and could comprehend his grief and trials—the only one to whom he could confide part, without revealing the whole wretched secret.

"No, Olivia," he said, "she does not know that I am going."

"Will she not be sorry?" asked Olivia.

"I believe so," he replied. "It is because she will be sorry, and because I shall be sorry, that I am going. I do not want to make her unhappy, Olivia, and therefore I must not remain."

She thought deeply for some minutes; then all the truth seemed to flash on her.

"Captain Algernon," she said, "you would not like her to leave you, and make you fancy that she did not care for you, and that she had been acting a falsehood when she pretended to like you. You would think it very wrong, very heartless of her?"

"Perhaps, Olivia; and so much the better," he said. "She will forget me sooner from thinking me unworthy."

"But she will suffer more," said Olivia. "I should mind that more than anything, if I believed some one I loved unworthy. Do not let her believe that. Tell her the truth, and then go away."

There seemed a strange wisdom and truth in the girl's words, which carried even more force as coming from those young lips.

"I think there is some truth in what you say, Olivia; and yet I must not stay, for many reasons that I cannot explain to you; but I will make you my little ambassador of peace, so far as to save Lady Alice the needless pain of thinking I am ungrateful."

He snatched up a pen from the table where

Olivia's writing materials lay, and wrote rapidly for some minutes; then he sealed it, and, directing it to Lady Alice, he gave it into the girl's hand.

"Deliver it yourself, Olivia, when she is alone, and tell her that at least I will never forfeit the right to bear my own motto, 'Death, but not dishonor.' Will you remember this, Olivia?"

"Every syllable," she replied. "She shall hear it before she even knows that you are gone."

"That's my trusty little councillor," he said, with a very poor assumption of cheerfulness. "And now, little one, good-by."

"But will you not come back? Shall I not see you again here?" she said, wistfully.

"I cannot tell, dear child; much depends on—"

His eyes unconsciously glanced at the note which Olivia held tenaciously in her hand. She understood him well, and her lip quivered a little.

"There!" he said, pressing her small hand in his, and then stooping down to kiss her cold cheek. "I shall expect you to be a first-rate musician when I come again. I shall tell Mr. Abdy to let you have every chance of continuing your lessons, and of practice. Think of me, Olivia, and sing my favorite 'Herz, mein Herz,' every day till I come back."

The next instant Algernon Dacre was gone, and Olivia remained where he had left her, the note clutched firmly in her hand, and large tears coursing down her cheeks.

When breakfast-time came Olivia stole from her schoolroom window, and took her way through the thick bushes and tall trees that would hide her from the prying eyes either of servants or of any of the family whose rooms looked in that direction. She gradually found herself at the exact spot that commanded a view of the breakfast-room and the glass door that gave insight into the passage that led to it, and where Alice must pass on her way downstairs.

She crouched down under the large bushes on the lawn, and peered from the shelter like a gazelle, timidly watching for a chance of flight. At length steps were heard—heavy, slow steps, that were unfamiliar to her, and that yet came dangerously near her hiding-place. She crouched down yet lower, but her white frock appeared too obviously through the green bushes, and the new-comer was attracted by it.

"Hollo! who's hiding? What's that?" cried a loud voice, which Olivia recognized by its coarse tones as that of Lord Rushbrooke.

"It is I—Olivia!" she replied, taking one step forward, with the intention of passing, and holding the note tightly in her hand.

"And who the deuce is Olivia?" asked Lord Rushbrooke, half angry, half curious. "Haven't you another name?"

"I am called Olivia," she said, still moving forward, for escape now was her only thought.

"I have no other name; my mother was lost at sea, and Captain Dacre saved me. Please let me pass."

"Captain Dacre saved you, did he?" remarked the viscount, with a sneer, all his animosity awakened by that name, and by a rising suspicion that came dangerously near the truth as he fixed his eyes on the note, and saw how closely she held it. "And you are very grateful to Captain Dacre for having saved you, I suppose?"

"I am," she answered, "and for his kindness to me."

"And would do anything to oblige him, no doubt," continued Lord Rushbrooke, "just to prove your gratitude?"

"Anything that I could do for him, I would," replied Olivia, firmly.

The viscount smiled, but not pleasantly—there was nothing agreeable in his smile as he spoke again.

"What's that note you are clutching as if it were the most precious thing on earth?" he said, and he stretched out his hand to take it.

"Let me pass," repeated Olivia, as she tried to slip by him; but he stood in her path, intercepting her.

"Not so fast, little one," he said. "I'm going to have a look at that note before I let you go. Come, give it to me; if I'm not deucedly mistaken, I shall know the name on the envelope quite well, and may recognize the handwriting. Come, no nonsense; let me have it."

Lord Rushbrooke made a violent effort to snatch the letter from her hand; but she held it firmly, eluding his grasp; and the next instant she slipped it into the bosom of her dress.

"You refuse to give it to me," he said, as, beside himself with baffled rage, he seized her wrist, grasping it until the color rushed back to her cheeks from the pain of his strong pressure.

"I do," she repeated, trembling, but determined, "I do refuse."

At that moment the breakfast-bell rang. With an oath, such as the young girl had never heard before, he threw her from him. Weak, trembling, unnerved in mind and body by what had passed during the last few minutes, she staggered, then fell, striking her head heavily. One short, low cry she gave, and then she lay motionless, stunned by the fall.

"You refuse to give it to me," he said, as, beside himself with baffled rage, he seized her wrist, grasping it until the color rushed back to her cheeks from the pain of his strong pressure.

"I do," she repeated, trembling, but determined, "I do refuse."

At that moment the breakfast-bell rang. With an oath, such as the young girl had never heard before, he threw her from him. Weak, trembling, unnerved in mind and body by what had passed during the last few minutes, she staggered, then fell, striking her head heavily. One short, low cry she gave, and then she lay motionless, stunned by the fall.

"You refuse to give it to me," he said, as, beside himself with baffled rage, he seized her wrist, grasping it until the color rushed back to her cheeks from the pain of his strong pressure.

"I do," she repeated, trembling, but determined, "I do refuse."

At that moment the breakfast-bell rang. With an oath, such as the young girl had never heard before, he threw her from him. Weak, trembling, unnerved in mind and body by what had passed during the last few minutes, she staggered, then fell, striking her head heavily. One short, low cry she gave, and then she lay motionless, stunned by the fall.

"You refuse to give it to me," he said, as, beside himself with baffled rage, he seized her wrist, grasping it until the color rushed back to her cheeks from the pain of his strong pressure.

"I do," she repeated, trembling, but determined, "I do refuse."

At that moment the breakfast-bell rang. With an oath, such as the young girl had never heard before, he threw her from him. Weak, trembling, unnerved in mind and body by what had passed during the last few minutes, she staggered, then fell, striking her head heavily. One short, low cry she gave, and then she lay motionless, stunned by the fall.

"You refuse to give it to me," he said, as, beside himself with baffled rage, he seized her wrist, grasping it until the color rushed back to her cheeks from the pain of his strong pressure.

"I do," she repeated, trembling, but determined, "I do refuse."

At that moment the breakfast-bell rang. With an oath, such as the young girl had never heard before, he threw her from him. Weak, trembling, unnerved in mind and body by what had passed during the last few minutes, she staggered, then fell, striking her head heavily. One short, low cry she gave, and then she lay motionless, stunned by the fall.

Lady Alice bent over the still insensible girl, and for the first time remarked the fine features and the perfect shape of the intellectual brow.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Alice, "she looks as if she had passed through a lifetime of sorrow in the few short years of her existence."

Lady Alice then began to loose the tight-fitting bodice of Olivia's simple white frock; and, as she did so, the letter dropped from the young faithful bosom. Alice lifted it from the floor, and, as she gazed at its address her cheeks flushed scarlet. She had little time to speculate, however, or to even hide the letter in her own dress, ere the maid entered with water and essences, and in a few minutes their united care restored the child to consciousness.

Olivia's first motion was a restless attempt to find the letter, and a cry of disappointment burst from her at its absence.

"What is it—the letter?" asked Alice, softly. "Be happy about that. I have it safe."

"And he did not see it?" said the child, dreamily.

"He?" said Alice. "Whom do you mean?"

"Lord Rushbrooke," said Olivia.

"No, certainly not; but what had he to do with it?" asked Alice.

"He wanted it, and I would not give it him," she replied, simply. Captain Algernon told me to give it to you when you were alone, and Lord Rushbrooke came when I was waiting for you, and I put it in my bosom when he tried to snatch it from me."

"And, then—did you fall?" said Alice.

"No, he held my wrist, and then threw me from him," replied Olivia.

Alice looked at a purple mark on Olivia's thin wrist, and there read the confirmation of her words.

"How kind you are! Just like Captain Algernon," said the child. "I love you now, Lady Alice."

"Did you not love me before?" she asked.

Olivia was silent; at length she replied, "I knew he did; but I did not think you were so good."

The heiress smiled sadly. Perhaps some slight jealousy of the child, all plain and humble as she was, dawned in her heart at the moment; but it soon vanished, and as Lisette entered with coffee for Olivia, and a summons from Mrs. Abdy to breakfast, her face was as beaming and tender as before.

"Do not tell them, please. I am quite well now," exclaimed the child. "They would be angry; and, besides, they must not know."

"Would Isabel be angry? Do you not love her?" asked Alice, as she soothingly promised to obey the request.

"Yes, yes, she would. I do not love her," cried the child, angrily. "Please don't ask me."

Lady Alice smiled, and the next minute, with a kind word, and an injunction to remain with Lisette till her return, she disappeared.

After breakfast Alice retreated to her own room, locked the door and was soon ensconced in a large easy-chair near the window. She read, first, like one eager for the tidings that the letter contained, then with a more deliberate consideration, as if weighing every word and the meaning it might bear. Yet it was but brief, and its language was fresh and honest from the manly heart that dictated it.

"Alice," he said, "I have struggled hard to hide my weakness from every eye. I find that others have penetrated my secret, and that false motives have been attributed to me, and that insult has dared to level its shaft at you. It is therefore no longer for me to keep silence. Alice, need I tell you that I have dared to love you? I am not your inferior in birth, but in wealth and rank I am poor indeed. I am a disinherited man, and, as foul scandal would say, even worse than disinherited. But believe it not, Alice. It is false. On my honor, as I hope in all that is sacred, it is false. Now you know all. You know why I dare not ask for your love, or even wish for it. And you know also that it has not been willfully sought, nor my own feelings betrayed to your own or others' eyes. May Heaven bless you. Farewell!"

Lady Alice read and pondered over this letter. At first the sole impulse of her heart was sympathy with the noble mind that had dictated it. Then came fears and doubts. What did it mean? what tale could be told? Lord Rushbrooke had hinted that some disgrace clouded Algernon Dacre's name; and Algernon himself implied that there was some such shade over its brightness. Alice shuddered at the very idea. Poverty could be of little objection to the heiress of thousands; but disgrace, shame, the pointed finger, the whisper of scandal—that she could not endure, not even for him, whom she felt that she loved with her whole heart's girl worship. But there came a change over her mind, and she would not believe it; Algernon himself said it was not true, and she would trust him against a host of slanderers, till the tale, whatever it might be, was proved.

"Ah, Alice, there peeped out your nature—'Till it was proved.'" Olivia, child that she was, would have scorned the doubt; she would have trusted Algernon's bare word against a thousand. A bright sweet smile, like a gush of summer evening sunlight, came over the lovely face of Lady Alice.

"Noble Algernon!" she exclaimed; "noble, unselfish and good! Thankful am I that I am not Alice Dorville, but the heiress of the Comptons. I can give wealth and happiness to one worthy of them."

She reread the letter. Then she sat still and thought, and then, with a sort of start, she remembered Olivia. She hastily unlocked the door, and hurried down to the sitting-room, where she had left Olivia. The child was lying on the sofa, pale and thoughtful, and a look of pain on her face.

"Are you suffering, dear child?" she asked, tenderly.

"No, it is not that," she said. "I am thinking of Captain Algernon."

"And what of him, my dear child?"

"He was so sad when he went away. Oh, I would be miserable all my life, if that could do him any good."

Lady Alice's eyes drooped. Did she feel that the foundling girl surpassed herself in generous self-sacrifice?

"You love Captain Dacre, Olivia?" she resumed.

"Oh, so much!" was the reply.

"And do you love your friends here?"

"I love Mr. Abdy," she said; "he is good and kind. But I do not like Mrs. Abdy, nor Isabel."

"You are not happy, then?"

"Happy!" re-echoed the girl, "no; I am poor and friendless; and such as I am could not be happy in this house."

There was inexpressible agony in her voice as she answered, and Lady Alice felt that, and her half-formed purpose was strengthened.

"Would you like to live with me—could you love me, Olivia?"

She was a singular child, that nameless foundling; for even with that lovely face looking down on her, and those caressing arms round her, she hesitated ere she replied, "Yes, I think so; you are good and kind, and he loves you."

The scarlet flamed up in Lady Alice's cheeks, but a radiant smile beamed from her lips at the simple speech.

"You strange child," she said; "what puts such fancies in your head?"

At this Olivia laughed, too.

"Well, then," resumed Alice, "do you think you could be happy to live with me, and be under my care and guardianship?"

Olivia flushed a deep crimson. It was a tempting offer. But then came the remembrance of her own resolve, that which had been deep in her heart for many a long day: "I will never live with him when he is married."

Lady Alice was surprised and half piqued by her silence.

"Well, Olivia," she said, "is it so very difficult to decide on my offer?"

The warm blood colored the child's sallow cheeks, and flushed up in her expressive eyes, as she suddenly started up and threw her arms round Alice's neck.

"Forgive me," she cried, "forgive me. But I am determined not to be dependent on any one when I am old enough. And what I want, and the only thing I could accept from any one, is to be taught to get my own living when I am grown up. Now, do you understand me, Lady Alice? I could not bear to live with any one unless I earned my bread."

"Then, dear Olivia, you want to be thoroughly and highly educated?"

"Yes," said the child, sadly. "I cannot help taking assistance for that; but I could repay it some day."

"I dare say you could, Olivia," said Lady Alice, laughing outright; "and when I am a poor, destitute young damsel, you shall repay me every farthing that is expended, and I will keep an exact account thereof; but, meanwhile, I must consult my kind father before I make any formal application to your guardians, and I cannot doubt that he will gladly indulge my wish, and adopt my little favorite as his ward."

Olivia laid her head back on the pillow, and then there was a strange contention of feeling in the girl's heart—pride and inclination and distrust all warred for mastery; but at last the eager thirst for the kindness that would be to her at once wealth and power, prevailed, and she gazed up gratefully in Lady Alice's face, and said, in her rich, soft tones, "I shall try—oh, so much—to do you credit, if you are so kind. Only give me the means of learning, and that is all I ask. Miss Lawson can teach me nothing but what I know, and Mrs. Abdy will not let any one else come in her place."

In three days more Albys was left to its usual quietude. The guests had departed, the revel was over, and its only substantial results were to be revealed in that wondrous messenger of fate, that Pandora's box, the post-bag, that, about a week afterward, conveyed to the Abdy family tidings of no small import and interest to at least two of the number.

One of the letters that worked this change of ideas and prospects was addressed to Mr. Abdy, the other to the mistress of the mansion. Let us give the lady's the preference. It ran thus:

"DRIFFIELD PARK, September 3.

"MY DEAR MRS. ABDY: I am going to ask a very great favor of you. My husband has determined to spend the next few months at his seat in Durham, or, more properly speaking, Northumberland. Will you make a great sacrifice? Will you let me have your beautiful daughter for a few months to enliven my banishment? I can promise some gay cavaliers even in those northern wilds; and I know that an exemption from the duties of chaperonage, in your present delicate state of health, will be rather a relief. Pardon my selfishness, and receive my request favorably, I entreat. With best regards to Mr. Abdy, and love to dear Isabel, I am, yours, very sincerely,

"JULIA DRIFFIELD."

Mrs. Abdy read the letter aloud. Isabel flushed with rapturous delight at the idea of the emancipation it held out.

"How kind of Lady Driffeld!" she said.

"Of course you will consent, mamma? I must go, of course; and you know Lord Rushbrooke is her cousin, and—in short, there cannot be a doubt about it."

"And you never think of me in the case, Isabel," answered her mother, fretfully. "I am only too self-sacrificing, it is certain. But still, to be alone—or, worse still, to have the care of that weird child—it would kill me, I know."

"Nonsense, mamma!" exclaimed Isabel.

"You are always glad to be in the dressing-room with Pauline, or else sleeping on the sofa with Fidele at your side. And as to Olivia—"

"You may both spare yourselves any trouble on that score," said Mr. Abdy, half sadly, half playfully. "Here is a letter which contains a permanent invitation for our little foundling."

"For Olivia!" exclaimed mother and daughter at once.

"Yes, for Olivia," said Mr. Abdy. "Lord Ashton offers to take the entire charge of her education and maintenance; adding, that if she remains with him till the age of eighteen, he will settle a small annuity on her, or give her an adequate marriage portion, should she marry with his consent. What say you, my dear? Shall we accept the earl's offer?"

Mrs. Abdy was speechless. Isabel burst into a fit of half-bitter laughter.

"How like Alice!" she said. "Just one of her eccentric fancies. But she will get tired of her, and you will have her back on your hands, papa, before a week, if you consent."

"Lord Ashton is scarcely so dishonorable a man as you imagine, Isabel," said her father, gravely. "Both of you complain of her residence here; and I believe that the offer is far too advantageous to be refused. I shall at once write to accept it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Weeks had passed by and lengthened into months. The owner of Dacre Abbey, the proud and morose Rupert Dacre, was lying in a state bordering on the weakness of infancy. His limbs powerless to move; his brain utterly torpid to think—he lived on, if indeed such a state could be called life.

Geoffrey visited his father's room twice every day, but he did not linger there. Some said he was impatiently waiting for the old man's last breath to be drawn. But there was one who marked, and perhaps read, the gloomy heir more correctly; and that one was Mark Trenchard, the still faithful attendant of Rupert Dacre. He noticed that there was an expression, a gesture, that appeared between relief and disappointment, on every occasion when he entered the bedroom, and found that the heart still beat its dull, heavy pulsation. He saw the involuntary shudder, he heard the irrepressible long-drawn breath, he guessed that for some reason the heir at once dreaded and longed for the death of the father who kept him thus waiting for his rich heritage.

At length the end came. It was a night in the early part of November. The wind had whistled and roared through the trees of Dacre Abbey, and in the vast apartments and deep chimneys of the old mansion, during the previous night and the whole of the day; large boughs of the tall oaks and elms had fallen, and as the storm increased in violence when the sun went down, and darkness came again on the earth, the strong monarchs of the forest could scarcely resist its fearful violence. More than one grand old tree was laid low; the ground was strewn with branches and boughs, like the leaves in autumn; roofs were torn from cottages and barns, the chimneys wrenched from their standings, and even the strong ancient mansion of Dacre was not proof against its fury.

In the evening of that day Sir Rupert Dacre breathed his last.

Death is awful at all times; but the death of one so hard, unrepentant, and rebellious as Rupert Dacre, is terrible indeed; and Geoffrey Dacre was not one of that silent watch who guarded the death-chamber, nor was Mark Trenchard—he had exhausted himself with his attendance on the living. He might be excused from watching by the dead; but the son—the heir—where was he?

In the depths of the large library sat Geoffrey Dacre, on that dark, stormy November night. The storm was at its height, dashing against the deep windows, and roaring in the chimney, where a wood-fire blazed cheerily; and yet Geoffrey heeded it not. The crash of boughs and trees was brought on the wings of the blast, and still he heeded it not—his mind was too deeply engrossed in his occupation. His whole bodily senses were concentrated in that one especial gift of vision, for his eyes were glaring with almost supernatural sharpness into the recesses of the time-honored cabinet that had stood in that apartment long ere he had first seen the light. He had opened its lock—by what means we need not at present inquire. It lay exposed before him, with its nest of drawers and pigeon-holes, filled by the more private and secret papers of the owner.

Geoffrey had rapidly yet carefully run his eye over the endorsement of each labeled packet. One by one they had been laid aside, with a disappointed yet thoughtful air. At least their examination might be postponed. They did not contain the information which it so deeply imported him to gain. At last the whole had been scanned. Paper after paper, packet after packet of letters and memoranda and chronicled events had passed before his notice. A deep shade of gloomy annoyance came over his dark face.

"Can it be?" he murmured—"can it be? No, it is impossible. It must be here. My own senses could not deceive me. I saw that old—"

He stopped. A sudden shudder ran through his veins.

"There must be some secret drawer," he muttered—"some hidden spring. If it were not for the fear of discovery, I'd burst the old relic open—dash it into bits—and make it give up its treasure. But I dare not; the noise might be heard even in this fearful storm. Better try some other method."

Again he passed his hand, with a firm, steady, careful touch, over every recess that the cabinet contained, till his fingers bled from contact with the small nails and the hard wood of the narrow interstices. Perhaps an hour had elapsed; then a gleam—a fierce lightning gleam—came over his features. An uneven surface—a small metal plate, not larger than a sixpence—was under his touch. He pressed, and pressed hard—harder still. Then the

spring gave way, and a drawer flew out of the well-concealed panel; and in that drawer was a document that he at a glance perceived to be that of which he was in search. He read it carefully, slowly, with a sardonic bitterness over his features. He seemed to take a savage pleasure in its perusal, for he read it twice, thrice, ere he laid it down on the table before him.

The elements were now at the height of their fury; but Geoffrey Dacre heard nothing of the storm—he heeded not what might have been deemed the voice of Heaven to warn and to condemn. But at last he appeared to waken from the sort of dream in which he sat. He hastily began the task of replacing the papers; and then taking up another that was lying at his side, he also placed that in the cabinet, closing it in the same manner as it had before been secured.

After a few minutes' search, Geoffrey found the key, that had dropped underneath the spot where he sat, and placed it in the lock; then turning it once more, he returned the key to his pocket, rose, and walked slowly and deliberately toward the fire. But even at the moment that he did so, a roar as of thunder came to his ears—a fearful crash, as if the mansion were shaken to its foundation, and falling in ruins; and then, as he threw the document he had taken from the cabinet on the fire, a knocking at the library door, as of men speaking for life and death, was heard.

"Mr. Geoffrey! Mr. Geoffrey! Quick! quick! The whole north suite is beaten in! The large elm tree has fallen against that side of the house!" they shouted, in terrified violence.

Geoffrey gave one glance at the paper—it was just beginning to smolder and catch the flame. He opened the door just sufficient to pass out, and turning the key once more, he faced the pale group of domestics, and carelessly demanding the particulars of the accident, walked with them to the scene where the disaster had occurred. And a ruinous place it appeared by the imperfect light of the feeble torches, that could scarcely resist the wind, now blowing triumphantly through the channels it had forced. Massive shutters, heavy glass frames, lay mingled with the fragments of furniture that they had crushed in the fall, while the costly carpet was strewn by the smaller boughs and leaves and branches of the stately old tree, that had been spared so many years, only to fall low when its master lay a corpse.

Geoffrey stood with a vivid hue of surprise and alarm overspreading his face for some moments. Then he seemed to collect his energies sufficiently to issue the necessary orders for rescuing the remaining furniture and valuables from the wreck; and after seeing them promptly carried out, he left the busy group of domestics to seek once more the scene of his midnight vigil. He unlocked the door. The apartment was empty. All seemed untouched since he had left it. There was not a trace of any human presence since he had left the room.

He hastily walked to the fireplace. The dying embers of the wood-fire were kindling and crackling in a faint expiring blaze. He searched for the white ashes of burnt paper. They were there, but so light and scattered that it was evident a complete destruction must have taken place.

With a deep-drawn breath of satisfaction, Geoffrey then proceeded to light his chamber lamp, and, with one last survey around, slowly left the room. He would scarcely have lain his head on his pillow with that grim smile, nor sunk into that heavy slumber that sealed his lids till morning, had he been gifted with second sight. Had he chanced to re-open the door when so hastily summoned from the room by the terrified domestics, he would have seen an inner curtained door, which he had forgotten, slowly open, and a figure glide rapidly and noiselessly to the fireplace. The intruder did not remain long. Not three minutes had elapsed ere he had disappeared even as he came; but his rapid visit had not been without its reward, though it left no trace behind.

Ten days after, and the funeral of the late owner of Dacre Abbey was over. The groups which had surrounded the grave had slowly dispersed, and the solemn mourners were once more in the carriages that had conveyed them to the scene. The peasantry and the inferior tenantry of the estate had formed, as it were, a background to the spectacle. But there was one tall form who hovered near on the outskirts of the crowd, wrapped in a large military cloak, and with a sealskin cap pulled over his eyes, whom few observed and no one seemed to know. He appeared after the major part of the assemblage had been gathered together, and remained, though at a distance from the vault, till all had dispersed. Then he approached, and stood in gloomy silence contemplating the marble slab and the names which were graven on it, albeit the more costly monuments to the deceased Dacres were to be found in the old church chancel. For some minutes he stood, and then, with a deep sigh, he turned away and left the spot.

Meanwhile the after ceremony of reading the will began in the large dining-room of the Abbey. Mr. Elphick, the successor of Mr. Selwyn, was summoned to go through the ceremony of reading the will, which had been drawn up by his predecessor, and was duly attested by competent witnesses. It was but brief, for the provisions it made were few in number. The bulk of the property, exclusive of the one principal entailed estate, was left to Geoffrey Dacre, the oldest son of the deceased, and also all the personal belongings—the pictures, furniture, plate, and every possible acquisition that could be bequeathed to the heir. Then came small legacies to various old servants; to the unfortunate lawyer, Mr. Selwyn; to one or two of the dependents on Sir Rupert's employment and bounty; to the physician, and the rector

of the parish. Afterward came Algernon's name, mentioned in few but bitter and crushing words, as follows: "To Algernon, commonly known as Algernon Dacre, my younger son, I leave nothing, save the assurance that I consider him an alien to my race and to my affections."

Such was the sentence, short but pungent. Then all eyes turned on Geoffrey, the lucky and favored heir, and the buzz of congratulation began.

A quarter of an hour later he was alone—alone with his honors, his wealth, and his own conscience. He leaned moodily against the massive marble mantelpiece after the last guest had departed, his eyes fixed on the blazing coal and crackling logs that filled the large grate. Perhaps the sound recalled some unpleasant associations, for he turned away with a brief shudder, and listened with eagerness for the sound of an approaching step that he heard coming toward the room. Anything was better than his own thoughts, even in that moment of proud success. It might only be a servant, still it was a human form, and a human voice, and that might break the spell that seemed to have been cast over him. But, when the door slowly opened, it was no domestic, in a new suit of sable livery, that appeared. It was the same tall, cloaked figure who had stood by Sir Rupert's grave, who walked firmly and rapidly into the room, and standing face to face with the new-made baronet, dropped his cloak, and remained motionless before him.

"Algernon—you here!" he thundered, fiercely, when his first thrill of surprise had subsided. "This surpasses even your insolence, to intrude in the house from which you are forever banished and expelled, and—"

"Disinherited," said Algernon. "I know it all, Geoffrey Dacre—I know it all, and, I guess, more than you imagine, or, it may be, that I can as yet prove. But I am now come for the last time till the day shall arrive when I can assert my rights, as a son of the spotless line from which I am sprung, and which is now for the first time stained with crime and dishonor. I came here to fling back in your teeth—ay, in the very face of the dead, to declare that the tale which Sir Rupert believed, and you strengthened, is a lie—a cursed, base lie!—which shall one day bring confusion and shame and ruin on your head. Rupert Dacre died in helpless wretchedness and remorse, and is gone to answer the mute pleading for justice of the angel he traduced; and you, Geoffrey, will live in the constant gathering terror of the reckoning that will surely one day come! I have heard all. I know that I am disinherited, branded with shame; yet harkye, Geoffrey Dacre! I would not at this moment exchange my position with you, and your rank and wealth and honors and hopes. No, not if I were houseless and homeless, would I assume the burden that is on your heart. Farewell! We shall meet again."

Turning on his heel, and drawing his cloak once more closely round him, Algernon strode from the apartment ere Geoffrey could summon his presence of mind to reply or to arrest his progress. One step he made, and his hand touched the bell to summon assistance; but to what avail, and at what risk!

There was that on the new baronet's conscience which counseled him to let the bold accuser depart alone and unnoticed by any but himself.

REMARKABLE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

Mr. J. R. MORTIMER, of Driffield, England, has just completed the examination of a tumulus-like mound, situate about one-sixth of a mile northwest of the village of Fimber, on the Yorkshire Wolds. The discovery is of peculiar interest, being only the third of the nature yet recorded. The first (which did not correspond in excavation) was made at Helperthorpe, in the Wold Valley, a few years ago, by Mr. W. Lovel; and the second, closely allied to Mr. Mortimer's, was made at Swinton by the Rev. James Robertson. The mound just examined by Mr. Mortimer was known as the "Mill Hill" by the oldest inhabitant. It was formed of gravel and clay, and stood on a bed of clean chalk gravel, which caps the narrow and eastern end of a chalk eminence at the bifurcation of a deep valley—a peculiarly commanding position.

The examination was begun at the southern margin, near which a disturbance in the gravel was observed, toward the centre of the mound, where branch lines of disturbance were traced east and west, and a fourth northward, thus forming, as at Swinton, a perfect cross, having arms of equal lengths to the cardinal points. The depth of this cruciform excavation was nine feet, and the length of each arm was ten and a half feet, measured from the point of bisection. The width of the arms at the bottom was nearly four feet, the floor being perfectly level, and of undisturbed gravel. Upon the bottom was built an irregular (or probably partly destroyed) wall or platform, composed of oolite, lias, and chalk stones, with some clay. With the exception of the chalk, these materials have come from a distance. This platform was also cruciform, being built along each of the four arms of the excavation, terminating within two feet of the end, in each case. This walled platform measured eighteen inches in width, and eight inches in length, where perfect. So far this discovery exactly coincides with the Swinton find. At Fimber, however, there was the additional feature of a second internal walled cross or platform. This occurred at five feet elevation from the bottom of the excavation, and therefore four feet below the surface, and this second cross partook of the character of the Helperthorpe discovery, being nearly perfect, and walled with two, and in some places three, courses of stones, filled in, between walls, with small chalk gravel and a little clay. Each arm of this upper cross was about eight and a half feet long, sixteen inches wide, and eight to ten inches high. The stones with which the outer wall was built were chiefly chalk (some of which showed signs of slight tooling) and some pieces of rough lias and oolite.

The excavated part between the upper and lower crosses or platforms was filled in with gravel, containing numerous pieces of animals' bones, some fragments of medieval pottery, portions of burnt wood, and some much-corroded iron nails. Upon and around the upper cross or platform was also chalk gravel, but which contained a much greater number of shards of medieval pottery, broken bones of animals and animals' teeth, burnt and decayed wood, and corroded iron, mostly nails, to some of which remains of wood adhered. The miscellaneous articles picked out of the contents of the mound in the upper part were a bronze buckle and some thin strips of that metal. Mr. Mortimer suggests the desirability of a proper record and investigation of places which bear the traditional name of "mill-hill," "moot-hill," or "cross-hill," which are not uncommon.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

NILSON is a very strict Methodist.

ITALY possesses Baron Haussman again.

MARSHAL BAZAINE is to be tried for treason. By whom?

MRS. HAWTHORNE and her family are now residing in London.

THE Countess Bismarck is nursing her wounded sons in Berlin.

PRESIDENT GRANT read his annual message to his Cabinet on the 22d ult.

GENERAL KANZLER, the Pope's War Minister, still resides in the Vatican.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA is getting so obese that she has to be helped up-stairs.

MR. GLADSTONE is to stand for London in the next Parliamentary election.

ERNEST LONGFELLOW, son of the poet, is winning a fine reputation as an artist.

VICTOR EMMANUEL talks of converting the Quirinal at Rome into a royal palace.

ARTHUR FOLSON, Haytian Consul at New York, died on the 21st, aged 74 years.

MINISTER MOTLEY is expected to remain in Europe after the appointment of his successor.

GARIBALDI's head will be worth five hundred thalers to a German merchant when received.

KING GEORGE is soon to erect a monument in commemoration of the independence of Greece.

BEN PERLEY POORE's fiftieth birthday was recently celebrated at his farm in West Newbury, Mass.

THE father of John B. Gough is still living in London, and has reached the age of ninety-two years.

THE statue of the late Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, is now on its way from Leghorn to Boston.

SENATOR BROWNLOW's health has been rapidly improving since the adjournment of the last Congress.

MR. JAY, the American Minister at Vienna, gave an entertainment on the 14th ult. in honor of General Sheridan and party.

JUDGE NELSON expects to resume his place on the bench of the United States Supreme Court at the regular term in December.

THE widow of the American General Ward has not yet received the \$150,000 due her husband from the Chinese Government.

TEN full-blooded Indians have applied for admission to Highland University, Kan., with a view to enter the Presbyterian ministry.

DR. DUVAIL, who is in the Wisconsin State Prison for murdering his wife, has requested that he be appointed chaplain of the institution.

THE acting Minister to England, Mr. Benjamin Moran, was twenty years ago a poor boy employed in a cotton factory, in Trenton, N. J.

THE reception of the new French Minister, Viscount Treillard, by the State Department at Washington, has been deemed inexpedient at present.

THE King of Prussia has conferred the Cross of the Red Eagle, the highest honor of the German nobility, on Dr. Tholuck, the German theologian.

MAJOR THOMAS DOSWELL, long known as the prince of the Turf in Virginia, died at his farm in Henrico County recently, aged seventy-two years.

A BEAUTIFUL monument of Italian marble has just been erected in Oakwood Cemetery at Troy, to the memory of the late General George H. Thomas.

APPOINTMENTS in the financial department in Burma have been competed for by native Burmese lads, educated at schools in that country, with marked success.

It is said that the late George Peabody gave \$5,000 to be placed in trust for Miss Ida Lewis, the heroine of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, who was recently married.

THE Holy Father, in spite of the urgent advice of his physician, refuses to take an airing in his carriage, and declares he will never leave the Vatican while the Italians occupy Rome.

THE host of Mr. and Mrs. Minister Motley during their recent visit at Woburn Abbey, was the Duke of Bedford, a mysterious being who never exhibits himself to the outer world.

THE Maine Historical Society has suffered a great loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Ballard, of Brunswick. He has been for many years one of its most earnest and learned members.

PRINCE EUGENE PHILIPPE-LOUIS D'ORLÉANS, the gentleman who is mentioned alone as being likely to succeed to the Presidency of the French Republic, is a grandson of the late King Louis Philippe.

A CLAIRVOYANT has been interviewing the shades of the late President Lincoln, who told her of a battle then going on near Orleans, and that Bismarck would be assassinated as he had been.

THE Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, a native of Salem, Mass., and now enjoying the office of Attorney-General of the Sandwich Islands by appointment of the King, is stopping temporarily at his old home.

THE English Government has presented two magnificent breech-loading revolvers to the two Guadalupe Civils, who succeeded in capturing the brigands who carried off the Messrs. Bonell from Gibraltar.

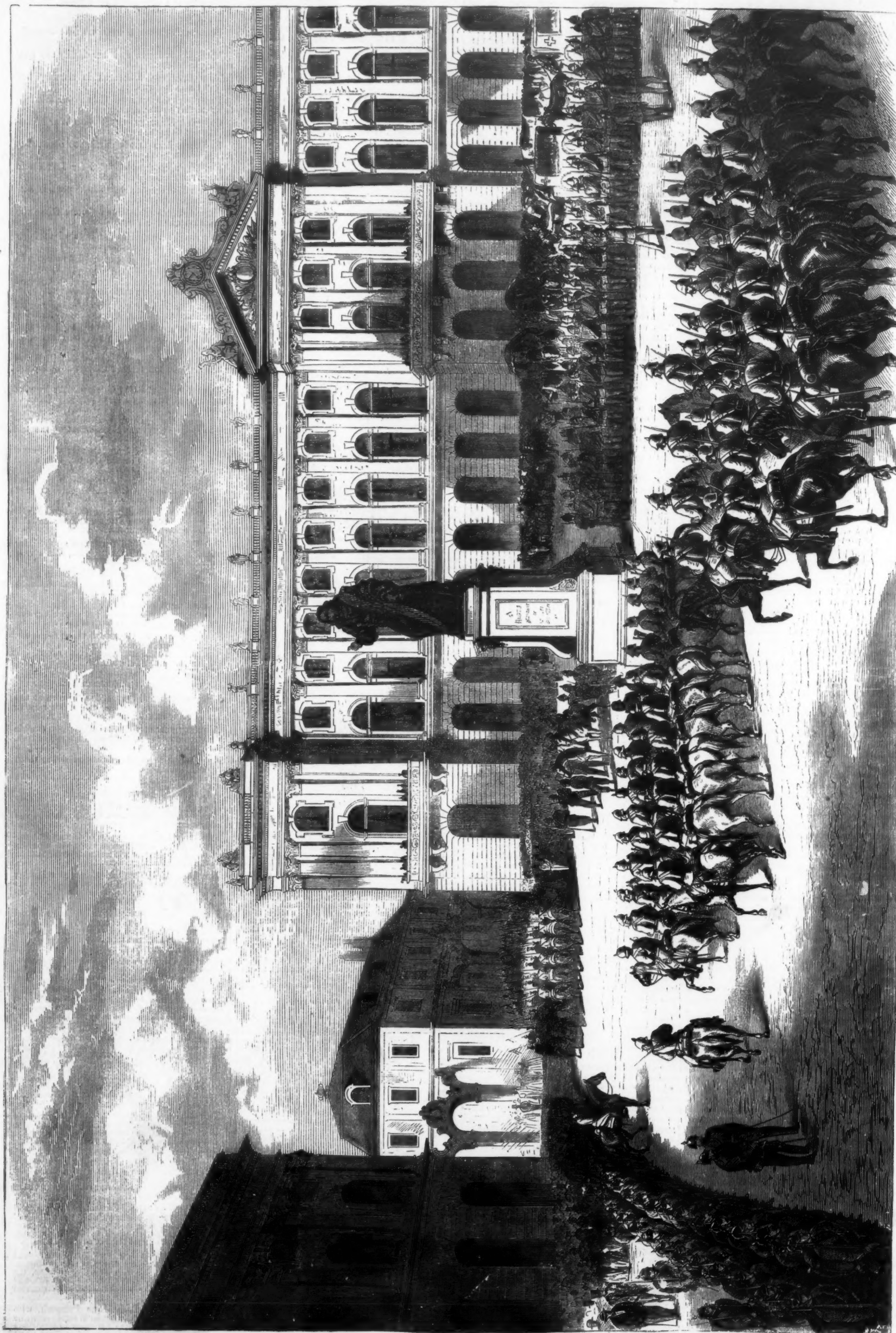
THE Baron Von Rahden, the husband of the prima-donna Lucca, who is expected to recover, though still very ill, has been promoted to the grade of first-lieutenant, and has also been decorated with the Iron Cross.

HIS Royal Highness Prince Arthur recently unveiled the handsome stained glass window constructed at the expense of the Corporation in memory of the late Prince Consort, at the western end of the Guildhall, London.

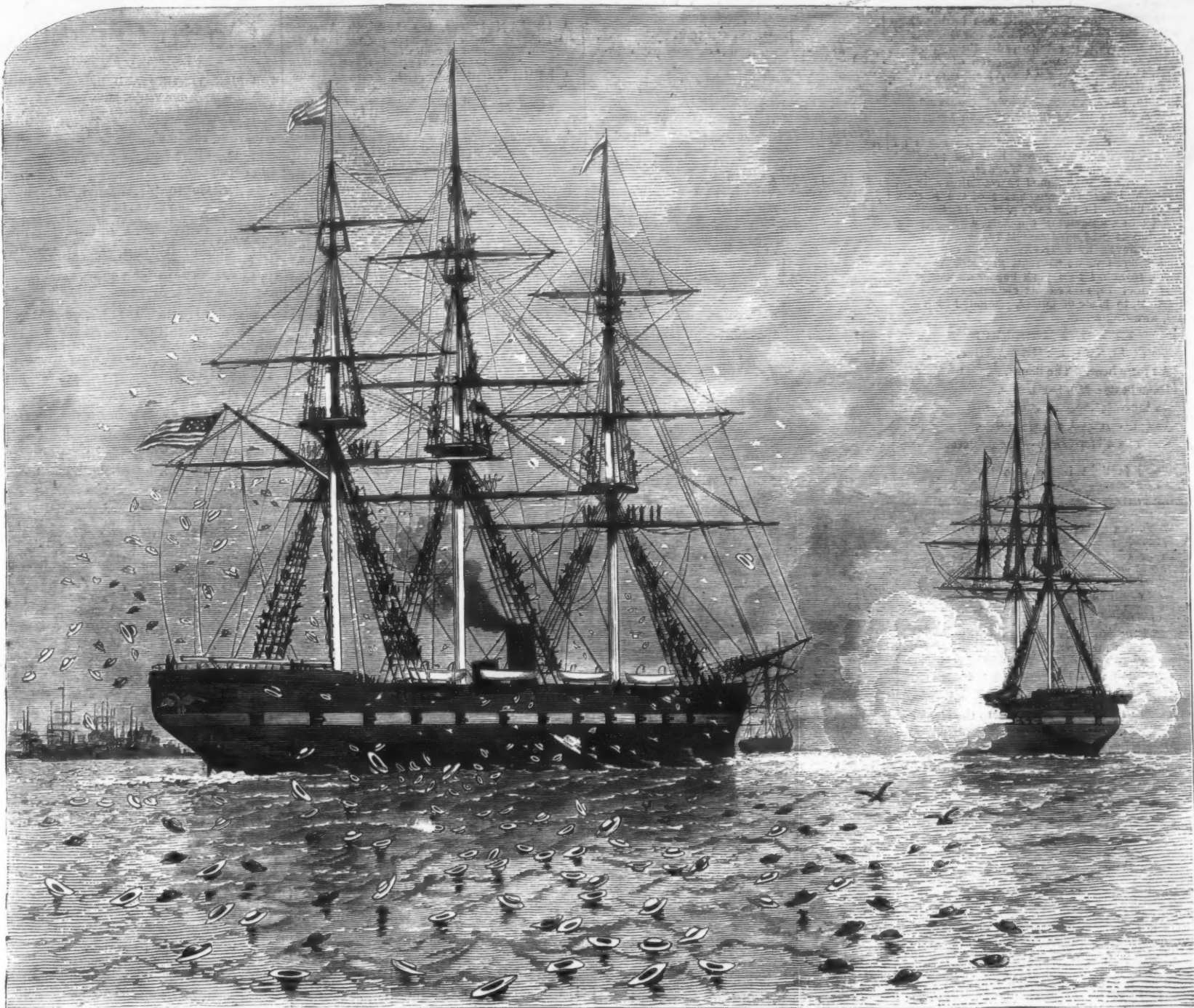
THE lands of the Marquis of Lorne will probably be raised into a duchy, and he will be, pending his marriage with the Princess Louise, Duke of Lorne. On his father's death he will succeed to the latter's title, and become Duke of Argyll and Lorne.

QUEEN VICTORIA has now nine grandsons and eight granddaughters, of whom the Crown-Princess of Prussia gives five (one died in 1866), the Princess of Wales five, the Princess Alice five, and the Princess Helena two. She has still five unmarried children.

THE remains of Lady Jane Fenwick, who came from England to Connecticut in 1832 in company with her husband, who was the agent of Lords Say and Brook, proprietors of that territory, have lately been removed from the burying-ground near the "Old Fort" at Saybrook, where they had rested for two hundred and twenty-two years.



A CORPS D'ARMÉE OF PRUSSIANS MARCHING THROUGH THE PLACE ROYALE, NANCY, FRANCE (SALUTING THE BRONZE STATUE OF STANISLAUS, EX-KING OF POLAND), SUBSEQUENT TO THE CAPITULATION OF METZ.



HARBOR OF NEW YORK—RECEPTION OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE DELAWARE (VICE-ADMIRAL ROWAN) BY THE FRIGATE GUERRIERE, OFF THE BATTERY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870. THE CEREMONY OF THROWING HATS OVERBOARD.

THE U. S. FRIGATE DELAWARE.

THE United States steam frigate Delaware, for the last three years the flagship of the Asiatic Squadron, reached the port of New York on Saturday morning, November 19th. At nine o'clock she proceeded up stream and came to anchor off the Battery, and a short distance astern the frigate Guerriere. On passing the lower forts, the Delaware received a vice-admiral's salute, much to the surprise of all on board; and on nearing the Guerriere received a like compliment from that vessel—the crew manning the rigging and meeting the new-comer with vociferous cheers. These salutations were returned by the crew and guns of the Delaware, and for a half hour the booming of cannon and hearty huzzas of nearly eight hundred men spoke of some unusual event. To the crew of the Delaware belonged the privilege of completing the ceremony. At a given signal, the gallant tars doffed their straw hats—and many their boots and shoes—and with a last and prolonged cheering cast them into the water; and for a long time the harbor appeared as strange to the uninformed as did the Delaware River to the British sailors at Philadel-

phia during the famous Battle of the Kegs, in the Revolution.

During the forenoon Rear-Admiral Melancton Smith, commanding the Brooklyn Navy Yard, visited the ship and welcomed Vice-Admiral Rowan to the port. Rear-Admiral Smith was saluted with thirteen guns as he stepped on the quarter-deck of the Delaware. Subsequently Commander Carrington, chief of the Port-Admiral's staff, paid an official visit to the ship and tendered the customary welcome and facilities.

Captain Stevens, of the Guerriere, was the first officer to call upon Vice-Admiral Rowan, and from him the Admiral first learned of the distinguished honor awarded him by President Grant in promoting him to the rank of vice-admiral, vice D. D. Porter, made admiral. Vice-Admiral Rowan was, of course, highly delighted at the intelligence, but accepted the congratulations quietly and modestly, as becomes a man of true worth.

PRUSSIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH NANCY.

THE scene of the illustration is the Place Royale, the great square of the city. On the right is the town-hall, a very fine structure. In the centre of the Place is a large bronze statue of Stanislaus, ex-King of Poland, who embellished the city, erecting in it many substantial and elegant buildings. Nancy is the capital of the department of Meurthe, France. It lies twenty-nine miles south of Metz, on the banks of the Meurthe, and on the railway from Strasbourg to Paris. Immediately upon the surrender of Metz, a division of the Prussians was dispatched to Nancy to secure it as a depot for soldiers and provisions, and to cover it so that railway communications might be kept open between the Rhine River and the armies encircling Paris. Nancy is a very handsome town. Its chief buildings are the Cathedral, the Church of Bon Secours, the Barracks and Hospitals. The embroidery work of Nancy is celebrated, and until the commencement of the war its population, about 50,000, was largely interested in the manufacture of cloths and candles.

THE LATE MICHAEL W. BALFE.

THIS celebrated composer of song and opera, as well known for his works in the United States as in England or on the continent of

Europe, died on the 20th ult., near Hertford, England, from an attack of bronchitis. Mr. Balfe was a native of Dublin, Ireland. He was born in the year 1805. His musical genius showed itself at a very early age. While yet a mere child he became an accomplished violin-player, and before he was eight years old he performed at a public concert in his native city. In his tenth year he composed "The Lover's Mistake," one of Madame Vestris's favorite ballads. In 1824, at the age of sixteen, he appeared at the theatre in Norwich, England, in "Der Freischutz," and a year later visited Italy. In 1827 he sang, in company with Malibran and Sontag, at Paris, under the name of Balfe, taking the bass characters. After again visiting Italy, where he produced a series of operas for London, Paris and Milan, he became, in 1839, the lessee of the English Opera House, but the speculation proved a failure. In 1845 Mr. Balfe was appointed director of the Royal Italian Opera in London. Subsequently he visited this country, but rather in a private than a professional capacity. Mr. Balfe married Miss Lina Rezer, and their second daughter, Victoria, born in 1837, made her debut in 1857, and afterward sang with great success in England, Italy and Russia. She married Sir John Crampton, but the marriage was annulled in 1863, when she married a grandee of Spain, the Duke de Frias. Mr. Balfe, besides innumerable songs, all of them popular in their day, wrote twenty-nine operas—none failures, and many of them exceedingly successful; and among the most profitable were "The Siege of Rochelle," "The Maid of Artois" (written for Malibran, and realizing \$30,000 in the first sixteen nights' performance), "The Bohemian Girl," "The Daughter of St. Mark," "The Rose of Castile," "The Puritan's Daughter," etc.

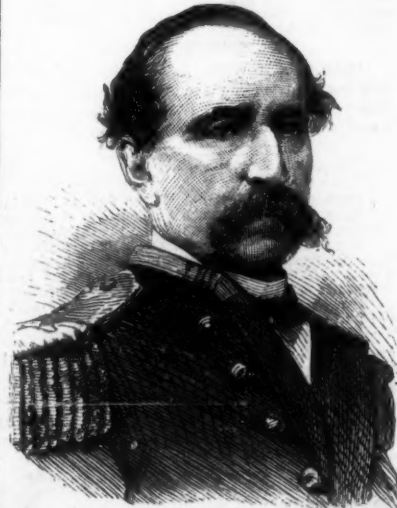
VICE-ADMIRAL ROWAN.

VICE-ADMIRAL STEPHEN C. ROWAN was born in Ireland, December 28, 1805. He was appointed midshipman, from the State of Ohio, February 15, 1826, and ordered to the sloop-of-war Vincennes, attached to the Pacific Squadron. On the 28th of April, 1832, he was confirmed as passed midshipman, and in 1837 received his commission as lieutenant, entering upon coast survey duty. In 1843 he was attached to the frigate Delaware (Brazil Squadron), and 1846-8 found him with the Pacific Squadron, and an active participant in the Mexican war. He commanded the naval bat-

talloon at the battle of Nicas, Upper California, and also the landing party that made the successful night attack on the Mexican outposts near Mazatlan. Promoted to commander, September 14, 1855. In 1861-2 he was in command of the sloop-of-war Pawnee, and in May of the first year engaged the rebel batteries at Acquia Creek, the first naval action of the war. He also participated in the attack and capture of the forts and garrison at Hatteras Inlet. On the 7th of February, 1862, he was placed in command of the naval flotilla about North Carolina, and took part in the successful combined attack of the army and navy upon Roanoke Island on the following day. On returning from this action, Commander Rowan, with a portion of his flotilla, pursued the enemy into Albemarle Sound, and at eight o'clock in the morning of February 10, the rebel steamers, under the command of W. F. Lynch, formerly of the United States Navy, were discovered drawn up behind a battery of four guns, supported by a schooner on the opposite side of the river, armed with two heavy 32-pounders. Fire was opened by the rebels from Fort Cobb and the steamers at long range. Commander Rowan pushed on until within three-quarters



THE LATE M. W. BALFE.



VICE-ADMIRAL ROWAN, U. S. NAVY.

of a mile, when he opened fire, and dashed ahead at full speed. This blow, wholly unanticipated, dismayed the rebels, who hastily abandoned their works, which, with the entire fleet, were captured and destroyed. Passing up the river, the flotilla took possession of Elizabeth City, and did other good service. On July 26, 1862, Commander Rowan was commissioned as captain, and, as a reward for distinguished gallantry, promoted to commodore, to take rank from that date. He commanded a fleet at the fall of Newbern, N.C., the New Ironsides off Charleston, and participated in the principal engagements with Forts Wagner, Gregg, and Moultrie. Commissioned rear-admiral July 25, 1866, and made Commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard. In the early part of 1868 he was placed in command of the Asiatic Squadron, a position he held until August 20, 1870, when he was relieved by Rear-Admiral John Rodgers, and ordered home with his flagship, the Delaware, reaching New York harbor on Saturday, November 19, to find his commission as vice-admiral, in place of Porter, promoted to admiral, awaiting him.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A LIGHT heart—The dence.
DEAD beats—Muffled drums.
AN inn-vocation—Tending bar.
A SKULL-RACE—A college course.
A MAIDEN all for Lorne—The Princess Louise of England.
WHEN is light inclined to be insensible? When it's faint.
DELIGHTFUL chastisement—The waves beating at your feet.
WHEN is a collegian done brown? When he is russeticated.
FIRST Cockney: "I say, what sort of a 'ouse will do for a fowl 'ouse?" Second Cockney: "Lor' bless yer, henny 'ouse."
WHY should a common soldier who has been in the ranks a long time be afraid to meet an excise officer? Because he's a private still.
THE Prussian raids into the country southwest of Paris are terribly destructive. Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not a raid like one of these.
THE power of the judicious editor extends into even the realms of nature. He can transform all species of leaves into the single class, Eu-clypt-us.
AS THE conduct of Paris led to the siege of Troy, so the conduct of Troie led to the siege of Paris; the troie being Bismarck, King William, and Napoleon.
SAWDUST pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.
MR. EDITOR: What is our national motto? Disremember, but I know it commences with E.
D Pluribus, U-num skul.

THERE is an elephant at Canandaigua confined to his bed from croup, rheumatism, bronchitis, and general debility. It takes five doctors to attend him, and he takes medicine by the hogshead. The owner wants him to die.

ON a railway in Massachusetts recently, a lady thought she was on the wrong train, and the conductor, being notified, stopped the train and hastened to the rear to help the lady out, as all good conductors will. As he stood waiting for her to come out he heard her exclaim by the door, "Bless me, I am all right, only I was riding backward," her seat having been turned the wrong way.

A GUEST of a hotel in a neighboring city recently sent in a bill of \$63 to the landlord for killing 900 bedbugs. At the same hotel a gentleman was looking over the register, when his eye caught sight of one of those pests of creation traveling about leisurely over the page. He turned quietly to a friend and remarked: "Well, this is the first hotel I ever saw where the bedbugs look over the register to see what room you occupy."

AN Irishman made a sudden bolt into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle filled with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed: "There, doctor, sniff that, will you?" The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whisky. "Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman. "Hand it to me again, if you please." The doctor again did as directed, and asked what he meant. "Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this, unless I got it from the doctor. So, here's your health and the priest's health."

AT the funeral of a young man in Des Moines recently, the services for the dead took place at the dwelling of the parents. After a most pathetic address, which brought tears from all the young ladies present, the minister inquired if any of the dear friends of the deceased wished to say anything on this solemn occasion. A stranger here stepped forward, and, after expressing sympathy with the friends of the deceased, remarked that the ways of Providence were inscrutable, and, in this connection, he wished to mention that he was the agent for a first-rate article of hair vigor for the State of Iowa. The corpse had used it for years with great advantage, and he confidently recommended it, especially to the minister and undertaker present, as he perceived they were both painfully bald. "Shake the bottle, gentlemen, and rub the matter well in with a stiff brush," said he. At this stage of the proceedings a slight disturbance occurred, and the hair vigor man disappeared.

"Geo. P. ROWELL & Co., 40 Park Row, New York, Advertising Agents, is a model business-house. They give more for the money than any other house in the world."—City Item, Phil'a.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have used a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine for years, and it has never been a day out of repairs; have sewed the finest cambric and the heaviest overcoating; have used one needle over three years, and, indeed, never broke but one of the original dozen that I got with the machine, and that was my fault. "Wheeler & Wilson" are our politics for the ladies.
SARAH E. Emswiler.

Penn., Ind.

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
792-803

For Freckles, Tan, Moth-Patches, and Sallowness.

Use DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Prepared by him the past thirty-one years, and positively reliable, and warranted free from lead and all mineral astringents. To be had at Dr. Gouraud's old depot, 48 Bond St., N. Y., and dealers.

The Choral Tribute.

BY L. O. EMERSON.

The Standard Church Music Book for the Coming Season.

The most popular Book for the Choir and Singing School now before the public.

Price \$1.50; \$13.50 per dozen.

Specimen copies sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

THREE SPLENDID CONTINUED STORIES IN FRANK LESLIE'S "BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY":
1. "At School in Paris, or English and Yankee Boys in France" (just begun);
2. "Hurricane Tower";
3. "Tom Lester, or the Secret of the Red Pocketbook"—all full of Adventure, Fun and Interest—with Short Stories, Adventures, Anecdotes, Puzzles, Coin Articles, etc., etc.



"IT STILL WAVES," Rich, Rare and Ready to go. 3 large pages. Letter size. 40 minutes of charming Tales, Sketches, Wit, Humor, Fun, Quizzes, Riddles and Delightful songs. 2nd Edition "Spangled" is 100% more. It is a paper for the LIVE people. It is "Spangled" for all. Established 1863. It is NOT a NEW paper. It is a reliable, feature, and truthful paper for ALL. There is nothing like it. EVERY subscriber will receive a mounted and mounted, the NEW and superb magazine. "PIONEERS OF AMERICA," one-and-a-half feet by two feet in size, and containing 3000 to 4000 words. NOW IS THE TIME. We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Only 75 cents secure this paper a whole year, and \$3.00 securing five years and payable. Specimen for sample. Address: "Star Spangled Banner," Hialeah, N. Y.

TO ENTERPRISING MEN.

\$12, \$18, \$24, \$30.

Any of these sums, and more, can be made per week, with very little exertion and no capital, in a perfectly legitimate business, by lady or gentleman. Inclose a stamped envelope, with your address in full, and a circular will be sent free. Address Post-Office Box 3,698 New York City. 793-98

\$75 PER WEEK easily made by Agents. Address SAGE MANUFACTURING CO., Cornwall, Conn. 793-844



\$20 A DAY TO AGENTS.—15 new articles, staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. LININGTON, Chicago. 793-98

HARTSHORN'S SHADE ROLLERS.

At the principal Upholsterers'. No Cords or Balances used. Models and Price Lists sent to the Trade. 790-98 62 Centre Street.

WATCH FREE, AND \$30 A DAY SURE, and no humbug. Address LATTA & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 791-94

OXYGENIZED AIR, a cure for Scrofula, Catarrh and Consumption. Send address for pamphlet to Dr. C. L. BLOOD, Boston, Mass. 792-95

A HANDSOME FULL-GILT PHOTOGRAPH Album, holding 20 full-size Pictures, mailed, post-paid, for 25 cents; 5 for \$1; \$2.25 per dozen. Circulars free. Address CHARLES S. RILEY, Holland, N. Y. 788-807

LATEST IMPORTED TRICK NOVELTIES.

Magic Money Box, \$1; Magic Imp Bottle, \$1; Magic Cannon, \$1; Magic Sagar Case, \$3; Magic Two-Cent Box, \$1.50; The Three Magic Babies, \$2; Magic Wedding Rings, \$1.50; Magic Money Tilt, \$1.50; Magic Bag and Egg, \$1.50; Magic Invisible Finger, \$1; Magic Barrel, \$1.50; Comical Donkey, \$1; Magic Photographs, five assorted packages, \$1. Full directions sent with each trick.

GOOD BOOKS.
Five Hundred Puzzles, 40c; Parlor Tricks, 40c; Tableaux, 40c; Dialogues, 40c; Comic Speeches, 40c; 1,400 Conundrums, 40c; Fortune-Teller, 25c; Courtship Made Easy, 25c; Bridal Etiquette, 25c; Correct Letter-Writer, 25c; True Marriage Guide, 50c; How to Win a Sweetheart or Lover, 40c; Correct Etiquette, 25c; Comic Jokes, 25c. Books and Tricks sent, postage paid, by W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, a splendid chromo-Lithographic Art Plate, given gratis with No. 289 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER.

MAPLE LEAVES.

A Magazine for Everybody.

It contains Tales, Sketches, Humorous Articles, Recipes, Scientific and Useful Articles, Puzzles, Wit and Humor, Illustrations, etc., etc.

The Cheapest Magazine in the World.

Within the reach of all. Large Premiums for Clubs. Send stamp for Specimen Copy and Premium List. MAPLE LEAVES is the most elegantly illustrated, Brilliant, Attractive and Entertaining Magazine Published.

50 CTS. A YEAR. FIVE COPIES, \$2.00.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

All new subscribers for 1871 WILL RECEIVE THE NUMBERS FOR THE BALANCE OF THIS YEAR FREE. The sooner you subscribe the more numbers you will get.

O. A. ROORBACH, Publisher, 103 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE TWO BEST SERIAL NOVELS now before the public begin in FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER No. 289—"My Father's Wife," by Annie Thomas; "The Toad Girl," by the Author of "A Living Lie."

DRYGOODS.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue, are offering this week the most elegant novelties and richest goods of the season at greatly reduced prices.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Silk Cloak Velvets, 26, 28 and 30 ins. Real Lyons goods, \$8, \$8 and \$10; worth \$10, \$12 and \$15. Beautiful Bonnet Velvets, greatly reduced.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 200 ps. Gros Grain and Taffeta Silk, in Black and Colors, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2; worth \$2.75. Gros Grain Silk, \$2.85; worth \$4.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Our best \$1 Alpaca reduced to 80c; our best 75c. Alpaca reduced to 60c; our best 60c. Alpaca reduced to 50c.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Our best 50c. Alpaca reduced to 40c; our best 37c. Alpaca reduced to 31c; our best 31c. Alpaca reduced to 25c.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 25 doz. extra Black Alpaca Suits, \$6; worth \$10. Extremely rich Alpaca Suits, elaborately trimmed, \$9.50.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Handsome Beaver Cloth Sackies in great variety, \$4 up; Velveteen Sackies, elaborately trimmed, \$7.50.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Merino Vests, 75c; Merino Drawers, 75c; worth \$1.25. Elegant Chemise, elaborately trimmed tucked bosom, \$1; worth \$1.75.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Our best Double Damask Towels reduced from \$1 and 87c. to 50c. Muslin Walking Skirts, 20 tucks, only \$1.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. French Jet Sets, at the reduced price of \$1; worth \$2. Real Amber Necklaces, entire novelty, half price.

ALTMAN BROS., 331 & 333 Sixth Ave.

GENUINE FURS.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

WILL OFFER DURING THE SEASON

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

IN

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FURS,

SABLE, MINK, ERMINE,

SEAL AND ASTRAKAN CLOAKS,

CARRIAGE ROBES,

FUR TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.,

AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

BROADWAY, CORNER NINETEENTH STREET.

IRISH POPLINS,

24 INCHES WIDE, FULL LINE OF COLORS, AT \$1.25 PER YARD.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., BROADWAY, CORNER NINETEENTH STREET.

HOL FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The finest assortment of fine HOLIDAY GOODS AND TOYS just received from Nuremberg and Saxony, and our prices guaranteed lower than down town wholesale prices.

ALL OUR OWN IMPORTATION.

Broadway Dollar Goods sold at from 75c. to 90c. Fine Silver Inlaid Desks at \$4; Broadway price, \$8. In order to make room for the above, we will sell this week our entire stock of Rich Laces, Velvets, Velveteens, Satins, Ribbons, Hosiery, fine Flowers and Feathers.

AT A TERRIBLE REDUCTION.

Our \$1.75 Velveteens reduced to \$1.25. Our 85c. Velveteens reduced to 50c. All our fine Flowers

REDUCED TO COST. Our 50c. Black Ostrich Tips reduced to 25c. Our \$1.25 Long Black Ostrich reduced to 75c. Our 40c. Long Plumes reduced to 15c.

Best quality Guipure Lace, full 4 inches wide, at \$1.39; worth \$2—and many more bargains too numerous to mention.

AT EHRICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION, 287 Eighth Avenue, between 24th and 25th Streets.

N.

Robes de Chambre

AND

House Coats,

FOR

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Large assortment, superior style, very low prices.

E. A. NEWELL,

737 Broadway, cor. Waverley Place.

TO THE LADIES.

IF YOU DESIRE TO USE THE BEST THREAD

For Your Sewing-Machines,

ASK FOR

CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON,

GEORGE A. CLARK, Sole Agent,

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

DRYGOODS.

Go to O'Neill's,

329 SIXTH AVENUE,

FOR SILK VELVETS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.

100 pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.50, worth \$2.
100 pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.35, worth \$2.25.
Extra fine Trimming Velvet, \$2.50.
20-inch extra quality Trimming Velvet, \$3, worth \$4.
20-inch extra quality Trimming Velvet, \$3.75; cost more in gold.
20-inch very fine Trimming Velvet, \$4.50, worth \$6.
All shades of Colored Velvets.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

VELVETEENS.

50 pieces Brown Velveteen, \$1, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.25.
100 pieces Black Velveteen, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.45; worth \$1.50 and \$2.
50 pieces Black Satin, \$1.45, \$1.65, \$1.95—cost more in gold.

Go to O'NEILL'S, 329 Sixth Avenue, for French and English Round Hats.

All shapes Sh. Velvet Hats, \$2.50.

Finest quality Felt Hats, only \$1.45, worth \$2.50.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

The largest and best assortment of Ostrich Plumes, Ostrich Tips, Fancy Feathers, finest Goods imported.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

French Flowers, Natural Roses.

Sash Ribbons, selling off below cost.

100 Cartons 7-inch Black Ribbons, 80c., worth \$1.

50 Cartons Roman Sash Ribbons, \$1, worth \$1.50.

Complete Assortment of Gros Grain.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

Kid Gloves, two buttons, \$1.35, worth \$1.75; all new shades.

Black Crapes, cut bias.

Thread Lace, Fine French Laces.

Nets of all kinds.

Call and see our prices.

All Goods marked in plain figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 329 Sixth Av.,

Between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets.

"OUR POPULAR SHIRTS"

Made to order of Best Materials, and

WARRANTED TO FIT.

Sent by Express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 Shirts, Good Muslin and Linen Fronts, \$ 9.00
6 " Better Muslin and Good Linen, 10.50
6 " Masonville Muslin and Fine Linen, 12.00
6 " Wamsutta Muslin and very Fine do, 13.50
6 " New York Mills and Best Linen, 15.00

RICHARD MEARES,

Successor to RONALDSON & MEARES,

IMPORTER AND RETAILER OF

HOSIERY AND FURNISHING GOODS,

COR. SIXTH AVE. AND NINETEENTH ST.

LUXURIOUS SLEEPING!

Elastic Sponge BEDDING.

No Insects!
No Dust!
No Packing!

THE

Cleanest, Sweetest, Most Durable and Economical IN USE.

References Furnished from the Most Prominent People in the City.

Every good housewife should call and examine the goods at our salesrooms, 524 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Circulars and samples furnished on application to

AMERICAN PATENT SPONGE CO.,

524 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



No powder. No danger. No expense. A genuine pistol, discharged by compressed air, with greater or less force, as may please the operator. They are self-loading, doing away with all complicated charging apparatus, and are capable of being discharged six times per minute. Rabbits, squirrels, birds and all kinds of game, can be hit with this pistol as well as though powder and gun were used. The beautiful target which accompanies each, furnishes a fascinating and novel parlor game, which is rapidly gaining favor everywhere. Two sets of barrels are sent with each pistol—one for the parlor target game, the other for out-door sport, etc. It can be used with perfect ease and safety by children. No family should be without one. Surely every boy will have one. Price only \$1.50. Send money in a well sealed letter. We will send the pistol to any P. O. address in America. Thousands are selling daily. Every man and boy should have one. Address B. STANWOOD & CO., Portland, Maine.

SPLENDID CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC ART PLATES given away with No. 289 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, and the following numbers.

STAMMERING cured by BATES' APPLIANCES. For description, address SIMPSON & Co., Box 5,076, N. Y.

W. J. GRAHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF

LOOKING-GLASSES,

Frames, Portable Desks, and Workboxes.

82 BOWERY,

NEAR CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

793-97

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**FRANK LESLIE'S
MODENWELT,**
a superbly gotten-up weekly paper for the ladies,
printed in the
GERMAN LANGUAGE,
containing **SIXTEEN PAGES**, filled with exquisite en-
gravings, illustrating the latest styles in
Fashion and Needlework.
This beautiful paper is edited by several ladies of
TASTE AND REFINEMENT,
who will give special attention to everything which
appertains to the wardrobe of ladies and children, to
family workmanship and amusements.
It is intended that this paper shall be complete in
all its departments.

NO. 3 OF
Frank Leslie's Modenwelt
WILL CONTAIN UPWARD OF
SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS
of the Latest Styles now in vogue in the Great Centres
of Fashion; also, a large
Pattern Sheet,
containing numerous Models, so that ladies can
CUT THEIR OWN GARMENTS.
Besides the Fashion Department, the paper will
contain
Eight Pages of Choice Literature,
consisting of Tales, Sketches of Travel, Biography,
and other useful and entertaining matter, all
Illustrated in the Highest Style of Art.

EVERY LADY
who speaks or reads the German language should
subscribe at once for this beautiful paper.
For sale at all News Depots, or send the following
amounts to the publisher and you will receive this
beautiful paper punctually every week:

Single numbers 10 cents.
Three months \$1 00.
Six months 2 00.
One year 4 00.
Two copies, one year 7 00.

Five copies, one year, in one wrapper, to one ad-
dress, \$20, with extra copy to the person getting up
the club.
Specimen copies will be sent by mail to any person
writing for one.

Address
FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
537 Pearl street, New York.

**Pictorial History
OF THE
Franco-German War.**

Shortly will be published from this office, in
the German Language, a
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
History of the Great War between Germany and
France, in which will be introduced

Large and Accurate Engravings
of every

Event of Importance

which has transpired since the
EMPEROR NAPOLEON
declared war against Prussia. It will include pic-
tures of the battle-fields of Saarbruck, Woerth, Weiss-
enburg, Sedan, Metz, etc., etc.

The text of the book will be historically accurate;
and the whole will form a handsome work of refer-
ence.

FRANK LESLIE,
537 PEARL STREET.

A NEW NOVEL

BY
ANNIE THOMAS:

My Father's Wife;

OR,

One False Step Requires Another.

A new and original novel, by Annie Thomas, author
of "Dennis Donne," "High Stakes," "The Dower
House," etc., etc., will begin in No. 289 of **FRANK
LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER** (for which paper it
has been expressly written), ready November 28.

To readers of the purest and best style of English
fiction such a novel needs no commendation. It is
full of interest and well-drawn character.

**FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY COR-
NER** is on sale every Monday at all news de-
pots. Single copies, 10 cents; subscription, \$4
a year.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue.)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

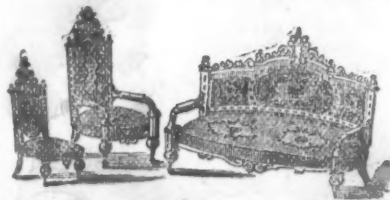
PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

Furniture, Carpets,

Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,

Spring Beds, Etc.,

of any house in the United States, which they offer at
Retail and Wholesale prices.



THE COLLINS WATCH FACTORY.



\$10 \$15
\$20
\$25.

Our superior Oroide Watches having recently been imitated, and worthless
watches sold in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, represented as our
manufacture, we hereby caution the public against them, and give notice that
we are in no way responsible for these bogus concerns, and only those purchas-
ing directly from us can secure a genuine watch of our manufacture. We have
recently greatly improved our Oroide in appearance and durability; and to
protect the public from imposition hereafter, have made it the "COLLINS
METAL," and we give notice that any one making use of this name will be
prosecuted to the extent of the law.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of gold; cannot be distin-
guished from it by the best judges; retains its color till worn out, and is equal
to gold, except in intrinsic value.

PRICES.—Horizontal Watches, \$10; full-jeweled Patent Levers, \$15—equal
in appearance and for time to gold ones costing \$160; those of extra fine finish, \$20—equaling a \$200 gold
watch; also, an extra heavy, superbly finished and splendid watch at \$25. This equals in appearance a \$250
gold one. All our watches are in hunting cases, Gents' and Ladies' sizes. Chains, \$2 to \$8. Also, Jewelry
of every kind, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—N. Y. Times.

One of the \$20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—Pomeroy's
Democrat.

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by
express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,

No. 335 Broadway, corner Worth (up-stairs), New York.

PATENTS

AMERICAN and EUROPEAN.

MUNN & CO. continue to give opinions
in regard to the Novelty of Inventions, Free of
Charge, make Special Examinations at the Patent
Office, prepare Specifications, Drawings, Caveats and
Assignments, and prosecute applications for Letters
Patent at Washington, and in all European Countries.
They give special attention to the prosecution of Re-
jected Claims, Appeals, Extensions and Interferences.
Pamphlet of the New Patent Law for 1870 fur-
nished Free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN!

A sixteen page weekly devoted to MECHANICS,
MANUFACTURES, INVENTION, CHEMISTRY, ENGINEER-
ING, ARCHITECTURE, and POPULAR SCIENCE. Full of
splendid Engravings. Terms \$3.00 a year. Specimen
number sent free. Address,

MUNN & CO., 37 PARK ROW, N. Y.

E. BAKER & CO.,

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**Foreign and Native Still and
Sparkling Wines.**

**CORDIALS, FRENCH LIQUEURS, CURACAO, ANI-
SETTE, ABSINTHE, GRANDE
CHARTREUSE, ETC.**

THE BEST AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE.

SYMPHER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley),

No. 557 Broadway, New York,

DEALERS IN

**Modern and Antique Furniture, Bronzes
China, and Articles of Vertu.**

\$10 to \$25. Genuine Oroide Gold Watches. Address
John Foggan, Manufacturer, 79 Nassau St., N. Y.
791-803

\$1,500 A YEAR!
WANTED AGENTS to sell the Universal
Sewing Machine, size
12 in. long, by 8 in. height, of great capacity and du-
rability, works on a new principle. Price complete,
\$15.00, sent C. O. D. Address **Universal S. M. Co.,**
58 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. 791-802

VINEGAR. How made from Ci-
der Wine, Molasses, or
Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circular,
address **F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Ct.**
778-829

Local Agents Wanted.

I want a local agent in every town and
village in the country to canvass for the
**WESTERN WORLD, A Magnifi-
cent \$5 Premium Steel Engraving**
to every subscriber. From \$1 to \$10
can be easily made in an evening. Liberal
cash commission allowed. Send stamp
for SPECIMENS and PRIZE CIRCULAR.
JAMES R. ELLIOTT, Boston, Mass.
790-93

Wanted --- Agents \$75 to \$250 per month, everywhere,
male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED
COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.
This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt,
cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superi-
or manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and
warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for
any machine that will sew a stronger, more beau-
tiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes
the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch
can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled
apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from
\$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commis-
sion from which twice that amount can be made.
Address **SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pitts-
burgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill.**
788-800

**FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS'
WEEKLY**—the best and most popular paper
with the young—appears every Wednesday.
Price 5 cents; \$2.50 per annum.

**Newspaper
Advertising.**

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately
issued, contains a list of the best American
Advertising Mediums, giving the names, cir-
culation, and full particulars concerning the
leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family
Newspapers, together with all those having
large circulations, published in the interest of
Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c., &c.
Every Advertiser, and every person who con-
templates becoming such, will find this book
of great value. Mailed free to any address on
receipt of fifteen cents. **GEO. P. ROWELL
& CO., Publishers, No. 49 Park Row, New York.**
The Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader, in its issue of May 29,
1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which
issues this interesting and valuable book, is the
largest and best Advertising Agency in the
United States, and we can cheerfully recommend
it to the attention of those who desire to advertise
their business scientifically and systemat-
ically in such a way that is, so to secure the
largest amount of publicity for the least ex-
penditure of money."

PSYCHOMANCY—Any lady or gentleman can make \$1,000 a
month, secure their own happiness and independence, by ob-
taining **PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL
CHARMING.** 40 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this
power over men or animals at will; how to mesmerize, become
Trance or Waking Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy,
Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Haven,
Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold;
price by mail, in cloth \$1.25, paper covers \$1. NOTICE.—Any
person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the
work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of quick em-
ployment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. for postage,
to **T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.**
791-801eow

**ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY
OF CUBA.**
Conducted by the SPANISH GOV-
ERNMENT. \$300,000 in GOLD.
Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes
paid in Gold, and information fur-
nished. The highest rates paid for
Doubloons, and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for
all Government Securities. **TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,**
16 Wall St., N. Y.

**AGENTS WANTED, IN EVERY SEC-
tion of the country, to sell the HISTORY OF THE
WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND PRUSSIA, by L. P.
Brockett, M.D. The most popular and best selling
book of the year. Sample sent, postpaid, on receipt
of \$1.50. Send for circular. Address **GAYLORD
WATSON, Publisher, 16 Beekman St., N. Y.** 791-4**

HAPPY HOURS.
**AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.** Containing Tales, Travels,
Adventures, Ornamental Art, Scientific Recreations,
Tricks, Puzzles, etc., etc. ONLY 25 CENTS A YEAR.
Five copies for \$1.00. Send stamp for a Premium List.
O. A. ROORBAUGH, PUBLISHER,
102 Nassau St., New York.
792-804

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY
of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a
large commission, to sell our new and wonderful in-
ventions. Address **M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall,
Mich.** 786-98

ANNIE THOMAS: A NEW STORY
by this celebrated no-
velist began in No. 289
of **THE CHIMNEY
CORNER.**

\$250 A MONTH, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies.
Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples,
free. Address **S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.** 782-807

A GREAT OFFER!!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, New York, will
dispose of one hundred Pianos, Medcons and Or-
gans of six first-class makers, including Waters' and
Chickering's, at extremely low prices, for cash, during
this month, or will take from \$4 to \$20 monthly until
paid. Instruments to hire.

**H. THOMPSON, Patent Chair Manu-
facturer, No. 70 East Broadway, N. Y.**
His Improved Extension Recumbent is
the most Luxurious Chair ever offered to
the Public. Chairs for Invalids, the
Parlor, Library, Office, and Cars.

\$30 PER WEEK. Agents wanted in
every town. Samples free. Address **C. W.
DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y.** 783-95

NEW BOOKS, ETC.

MR. LESLIE announces that he will shortly
publish for the holidays the handsomest book
of the season, entitled

Mountains and Lakes

Switzerland and Italy,

Illustrated with sixty-four picturesque views, after
original drawings by C. Pine, executed in the highest
style of

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

It is principally adapted to recall to those who have
traveled in these countries the scenes they have
visited, which, without some such reminder, are apt
to fade very rapidly from the memory. The literary
portion of the work, by the Rev. J. Mercier, is
not, by any means, mere "padding," as is so often
the case in books of this kind. It records in a pleas-
ant, gossiping way the historical and other associa-
tions connected with the places passed through in
two distinct tours, which are marked upon a very ac-
curate map. A knowledge of these forms so large a
part of the interest of foreign travel, that the work
will no doubt be a welcome companion to those tour-
ists who are able to perform their journey leisurely
and who are not compelled from want of time to
gulp their pleasures—as Charles Lamb says people do
their dreams—too hastily to taste them curiously.

**NEARLY READY, AND SHORTLY WILL
BE ISSUED,**

**THE BEST COOKERY BOOK EVER
PUBLISHED, containing**

Six Hundred Wood Engravings

Seventy-Two Colored Illustrations,
Showing how to Cook, Dish Up, and Carve every
known dish.

1140 Pages, Elegantly Bound.

MRS. BEETON'S BOOK

Household Management,

Containing information indispensable to the Mistress,
the Housekeeper, Cook, Butler, Coachman, Valet,
Kitchen, House, and Lady's Maid, as well as the
Nurse, Nursemaid, and every other Domestic; also
Sanitary, Medical, and Legal Memoranda for the guid-
ance of our daily business, with a history of the origin,
properties, and uses of all things connected with
Home Life, Welfare, and Comfort.

By **Mrs. Isabella Beeton.**

This is not only the most perfect and comprehensive
Cookery Book ever prepared, but contains a mass of
valuable information useful to every household.

As a Wedding Gift, Birthday Book, or Presentation
Volume at any period of the year, or upon any anni-
versary whatever, Mrs. Beeton's work on Household
Management is entitled to the very first place.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

\$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents.
Samples free. **H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.**
782-94

\$10 A DAY—Business entirely new. Circulars free.
Address **J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.**

\$3 Watch! \$3 Watch!
THE GREAT EUROPEAN

Eureka Aluminum Gold Watch Co.

HAVE APPOINTED

J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELERS,

561 Broadway, New York,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.

And have authorized them to sell their great
EUREKA ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES for Three Dol-
lars, and to warrant each and every one to keep cor-
rect time for one year. This Watch we guarantee to
be the best and cheapest timekeeper that is now in
use in any part of the globe. The works are in
double cases. Ladies' and Gents' size, and are beau-
tifully chased. The cases are made of the metal now
so widely known in Europe as Aluminum Gold. It
has the exact color of Gold, which it always retains;
it will stand the test of the strongest acids, no one
can tell it from Gold only by weight, the Aluminum
Gold being one-fourth lighter. The works are all
made by machinery, the same as the well-known
American Watch. We pack the Watch safely in a
small box, and send it by mail to any part of the
United States on receipt of \$3.50; fifty cents for pack-
ing and postage. A key is sent free with each Watch.
Money should be sent by Post-Office Money Order, or
in a Registered Letter. Address all orders and com-
munications to

J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., Jewelers,
790-3 561 Broadway, New York.

**WINTER
EMPLOYMENT**

**PERKINS & HOUSE'S PATENT
NON-EXPLOSIVE
METALLIC KEROSENE LAMP**

Is absolutely safe from explosion or breaking;
burns any Coal Oil, good or bad, gives more
light, no odor, and uses less oil.
"It is perfectly non-explosive. The light is better than
is produced by any other lamp."—W. B. Clark, President
Massachusetts Agricultural College.
"It is perfectly non-explosive, gives a better light and
is more economical than any other lamp in use."—W.
H. Wells, late Superintendent of Public Schools, Chicago.
The appalling deaths and fires from glass lamps ex-
ploding and breaking create a great demand for this
lamp. It PAYS to sell it. The people like the lamp and
welcome the agent. Sold by **Canvassers; Agents**
wanted everywhere. Send for circular and terms
to **Montgomery & Co., Cleveland, O., or 433 Barclay
Street, New York.**

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

OFFER A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Seal Sacques

At \$85, \$95, and \$110.

Astrakan Sacques

At \$40, \$50, and \$60.

ALL OF THEIR BEST MANUFACTURE, OF THE

Newest Patterns and Finish.

502 and 504 BROADWAY.

ELGIN

(ILLINOIS)

Watches!PENN'A R. R. CO., GEN'L SUP'T'S OFFICE,
ALTOONA, January 19, 1870.

T. M. AVERY, Esq., Pres't National Watch Co., Chicago:
Dear Sir: This Company has purchased and put in the hands of its engine-men eighty "Raymond movements," which have given excellent satisfaction and proved to be very reliable time-keepers. In addition to these, quite a number of Elgin Watches have been purchased by officers and employes of this Company, all of whom have been well pleased with the efficiency and regularity of the movements manufactured by the National Watch Company.

Respectfully, EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
Gen'l Superintendent.

Call on your Jeweler, and ask to see the Elgin Watches.

Business Office and Salesroom National Watch Company,

159 and 161 Lake Street, Chicago.
1 Maiden Lane, New York.

HORSE CLIPPING.—Adie's Patent Machine, price \$8. For sale at 151 Broadway, Room 6. Agents wanted.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

THE ADVERTISER, HAVING BEEN permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc. Parties wishing the prescription will please address—

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
105 South Second Street, Williamsburgh, N. Y.
791-97-cow-o

45,000

Now in Use! Geo. A. Prince & Co's **ORGANS** and **MELODEONS** will be delivered in any part of the United States reached by Express (where they have no agent), **free of charge**, on receipt of list price. Send for Price Lists and Circulars.

Address GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.,
or GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Chicago, Ill.**Actual vs. Short Weight.**

Aside from the impure substances from which are made the majority of Baking Powders, a large proportion are short of the weight represented upon the package. We not only claim that Dooley's Yeast Powder is free from any injurious substances, and that each package contains FULL WEIGHT, but that the quantity required to produce the desired result in the kitchen is from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less than those of ordinary manufacture. Manufactured by DOOLEY & BROTHER, 69 New Street, New York, and for sale at retail by all respectable Grocers.

THE BEST PAPER,

AND THE

BEST INDUCEMENTS!

This Quarter's 13 Numbers SENT FREE to all subscribers, before Dec. 15, 1870, for next year's Fifty-Two Numbers of

Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED

RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY,

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE RURAL, now in its 21st year, is not only the largest, best and cheapest, but by far the largest-circulating Journal of its class in the World! National in character, Ably Edited, Superbly Illustrated and Printed, it is the

BEST AMERICAN WEEKLY!

It is the Standard Authority on all branches of AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, etc. As a Literary and Family Paper it is a favorite in many of the best families all over the Union, Canada, etc. Indeed, MOORE'S RURAL has no Rival in its Sphere, and is the Largest Illustrated Journal on the Continent—each number containing sixteen Five-Column Pages (double the size of most papers of its class.) It is the paper for the East, West, North and South.

TERMS, INDUCEMENTS, ETC.

TERMS—\$3 a Year of 52 Numbers, and only \$2.50 in Clubs of Ten. This quarter's 13 Numbers sent FREE, as offered above. Our Club Inducements for 1871 are unprecedented. Specimens, Premium Lists, etc., sent free to all forming Clubs—and we want a live Club Agent in every Town. Address

D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.



WHAT BOOTS IT?

DUKE D'AOSTA.—"Say, Pa, can I be King of Spain?"
VICTOR EMMANUEL.—"No, my boy; all the Republican boys 'll be licking you."

PRANG'S Latest Publications: "LAKE GEORGE," "WEST POINT," "JOY OF AUTUMN," "PRAIRIE FLOWERS."
PRANG'S Chromos, sold in all respectable Art Stores throughout the world.
PRANG'S Illustrated Catalogue sent free, on receipt of stamp, by L. PRANG & CO., Boston.

TIFFANY & CO.,

UNION SQUARE,

Having removed to their new Store, now offer their entire importation for the Holidays—selected expressly for their opening.

CARTWRIGHT & WARNER'S

Patent Merino

Under-Vests.

Drawers.

AND

Hosiery.

A LARGE VARIETY OF NEW GOODS

AT

Extremely Low Prices.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

No. 637 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$100 for \$15. Send stamp for terms. F. A. BOND & CO., No. 60 Park Place, New York. 793-95-o

KIMMEL & FORSTER'S
Christmas & New Year's Presents

Sent to any part of the United States, single, at the following prices:

The Realm of the Queen of Flowers.....\$2.50
The American Lady and her Children.....1.00
The American Boy—fancy dresses......75
The Flags of All Nations......75
Dissecting Puzzle of Animals.....1.50
Autograph Album for New Year's Galls.....1.00
Or the whole together for.....6.75
The Trade supplied at

354 and 356 Canal Street,
Or at the American and New York News Companies,
N. Y. Wholesale dealers will please send for catalogue.

SCHUETZE & LUDOLFF,
452 Broome Street, 452
Sell their Celebrated

PATENT MONITOR PLATE PIANO,
the best in the market, from now till February, with a deduction of 25 per cent. Pianos to let at easy terms.
799-900-o

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE,

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF CHILDREN,

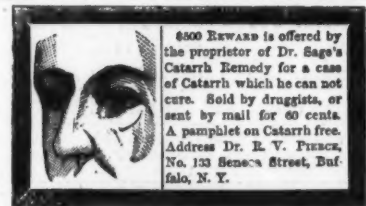
IS THE

LOZO PENDULUM BOARD,

Send stamp for Illustrated Circular.

C. H. JOSLIN,
704 Broadway, New York.**WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE**

contains in every number one complete prize story valued at \$100. Forty pages of other matter. Yearly \$1. Sold by News-dealers at 10 cts. per copy. Splendid premiums, \$500 cash to be awarded for prize clubs. Specimen copy free.
787-98o Address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, N. Y.

**A. CHRISTIAN,**

MANUFACTURER OF
PATENT SPRING HORSES,
PERAMBULATORS, CARRIAGES,
CABS, ROKING-HORSES, VELO-
CIPEDS, SLEIGHS, ETC.
MANUFACTORY,
87, 89, 91 and 93 MANGIN ST.,
NEW YORK.

WAREHOUSES,
65 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y. 7o

This is no Humbug!

BY SENDING 30 CENTS AND STAMP, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. Fox, P. O. Drawer No. 35, Fultonville, N. Y. 782-94o

F. J. KALDENBERG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Meerschaum Pipes, Ambers, etc. Send for circulars. Stores, 6 John St., upstairs, and 71 Nassau St., cor John St. Rec'd the prize at the Paris Exhibit'n.

ARION PIANO
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PIANO THAT IS MADE.
Address
COVELL & CO.,
554 Broadway,
New York City.

FOR ELEGANT CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC GIFT PLATES, buy FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER Nos. 290, 291, 292, "Little Red Riding-Hood" with No. 290, November 28th. "Don't Be Impatient, Children," with No. 290, December 5th. "I Have Seen Worse-Looking Girls Than That" with No. 201, December 12th. "The Donkey's Breakfast" with No. 202, December 19th.

BALL, BLACK & CO.

565 and 567 Broadway,

NEW YORK,

IN CLOSING OUT THEIR DEPARTMENT OF

Gas Fixtures,

offer their immense and entire stock of real and imitation bronze

Chandeliers, Brackets, Hall Lights, Portable Stands, Etc.,

At Less than the Actual Cost of Manufacture.

This is an opportunity seldom offered to these about furnishing

HOUSES, STORES, CHURCHES, Etc., for procuring the finest work and newest patterns at moderate prices.

A large stock of pattern molds to be sold cheap to the trade after March 1, 1871.

The sale will continue for about three months. o



DR. J. MARION SIMS says: "For some years I had given up the use of Cod Liver Oil altogether; but since my attention was called by Dr. Sayre to Moller's Oil, I have prescribed it almost daily, and have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with it."
Sold by druggists. 785-806-cow-o.

LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE

SAUCE.

PRONOUNCED
BY
CONNOISSEURS
TO BE THE ONLY
GOOD Sauce.

And applicable to
EVERY VARIETY
OF
DISH.



Extract of a letter from a Medical Gentleman at Madras, to his Brother, at Worcester, May, 1851:

"Tell Lea & Perrins that their Sauce is highly esteemed in India, and, in my opinion, the most wholesome Sauce that is made."

At the Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner, and Supper Table, it imparts the most exquisite relish and zest to Soups, Fish, Hot or Cold Joints, Fowl, Game, etc.

The universal demand and excellence has led to many imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
1 Union Square and 30 South William Street,
SPECIAL AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

**Scott's Adjustable Mirror,**

In which we can "see ourselves as others see us"—front, side and back view perfectly. For the use of Ladies, Hatters, Milliners, Hairdressers, and others. For sale by all first-class dealers. S. R. SCOTTRON, 656 Broadway, N. Y. 786-94o

ABRAHAM BININGER,

(OF LATE FIRM OF A. BININGER & CO.,)

Commission Merchant,

No. 39 BROAD STREET.

WINES, LIQUORS, Etc. Etc.

**THE IMPROVED WILSON**

SHUTTLE

SEWING MACHINE

for simplicity, du-

rability & beauty

stands unrivaled! For

stitching, hemming,

tucking, felling, quilt-

ing, cording, binding,

braiding, gathering, ga-

thering and sewing on

gathers, it is unequalled!

AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States where we have not one already employed. For particulars address Wilson Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, O.; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(\$225 A MONTH) by the AMERICAN KAITING MACHINE CO. BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO. 783-806o

\$25 A Week Salary!—Young men wanted as local and traveling salesmen. Address (with stamp) R. H. WALKER, 34 Park Row, N. Y. 789-801-o

STEREOPTICONS, MAGIC LANTERNS,

With a Stock of 10,000 Pictures to select from, always on hand. Made and for sale by

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,

No. 5 Dey St., New York.

Catalogues of 68 pages sent on receipt of ten cents.

PHILOSOPHICAL APPARATUS,

Such as Thermometers, Barometers, Air-Pumps,

Electric Machines, Rhenkorf Coils, Geisler's Tubes,

Magnetic and Galvanic Apparatus, Spectroscopes, etc., etc., made and for sale by

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,

No. 5 Dey St., New York.

Catalogues of 64 pages sent on receipt of ten cents.

783-830ow

WANTED—AGENTS (\$30 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under-feed, makes the "lock stitch" (like on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 793 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE RUSSIAN DEMAND.

BARON BRUNNOW'S INSTRUCTIONS.

THE TREATY OF PARIS NO LONGER RESPECTED—
RUSSIA DISCLAIMS ALL DESIGNS AGAINST THE
OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

TSARKO-SELO, 20th October.

BARON : In making the communication to the Principal Secretary of State of Her Britannic Majesty, presented to you by the orders of His Majesty the Emperor, you will be good enough to make its import and object clearly understood.

When, at the commencement of the year 1866, conferences were talked of for the purpose of preventing the war then imminent in Germany by the assembling of a Congress, in discussing the basis of it with Earl Russell, you were able to point out to him the compensation and the guarantees of which certain eventualities, of a nature to modify the *status quo* existing in the East, would render necessary to Russia. This was recognized by Earl Russell with the utmost fairness. He did not deny that every alteration effected in the text and the spirit of the treaty of 1856, must lead to the revision of that document. Although these eventualities have not been realized, Lord Granville will not deny that that treaty has suffered grave modifications in one of its essential parts.

What cannot but impress Russia in those modifications is not the factitious hostile tendency toward her of which they bear the stamp; it is not the consequences that may result to a great country from the establishment on her frontier of a small, quasi-independent State—it is, above all, the facility with which, barely ten years after its conclusion, a solemn transaction, invested with a European guarantee, can be infringed in its letter and its spirit, under the eyes of the very Powers which ought to be its guardians.

In presence of such a precedent, what value can Russia attach to the efficacy of this agreement and to the guarantee of security that she believed she had found in the principle of the neutralization of the Black Sea? The equilibrium established in the East by the treaty of 1856 is therefore destroyed, to the detriment of Russia. The resolution taken by our august master has no other object than to re-establish it.

Her Britannic Majesty's Government would never consent to leave the security of its coasts to the mercy of an agreement which is no longer respected. It is too just not to recognize that we have

the same duties and the same rights. But what we especially desire to establish is, that this decision implies no change in the policy which His Majesty the Emperor follows in the East.

You have several times already been made to enter into explanations with the Cabinet of London upon the general views which the two Governments hold upon this important question, and to point out a conformity of principles and of interests which we have noted with much satisfaction. We have deduced, therefore, that it is neither from England nor Russia that the dangers can come which could threaten the Ottoman Empire; that the two Cabinets have

an equal desire to maintain its existence as long as possible, by the settlement and conciliation of the differences between the Porte and the Christian subjects of the Sultan; and that in case a decisive crisis should occur, notwithstanding these efforts, both are equally resolved to ask the solution, above all, in a general agreement of the great Powers of Europe.

We have not ceased to entertain these views. We believe that their complete analogy renders a serious misunderstanding impossible between Her Britannic Majesty's Government and ours. We attach the utmost value to it, as the best guarantee for preserving the peace and the

equilibrium of Europe from the dangers which may result from the complications in the East.

By order of His Majesty the Emperor, your Excellency is authorized to reiterate the assurance of this to Lord Granville. We sincerely congratulate ourselves if the frankness of these explanations should contribute to it, by removing all possibility of misunderstanding between Her Britannic Majesty's Government and us.

I am, etc., GORTSCHAKOFF.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

On Tuesday evening of last week, the visitors to the Grand French Bazaar, held at the

armory of the Seventy-first Regiment, on Broadway, had an additional attraction offered them in the singing of the *Marseillaise* by Mlle. Hallier Dosty, an exceedingly patriotic and commandingly beautiful woman. Mlle. Dosty was conducted to the platform at about nine o'clock, and soon her sweet and sonorous voice filled the auditorium, electrifying all who heard her with her thrilling rendition of the great revolutionary song of France. Her listeners, as she proceeded with the words, into which she seemed to throw the emphasis and the fire of the great tragedienne Rachel, grew wild with enthusiasm, and with her, in excellent harmony, took up the chorus:

"Aux armes, citoyens!
formez vos bataillons!
Marchez! qu'un sang
impure abreuve nos
sillons!"

The costume of the fair vocalist was of pure white. She was without any ornament whatever on her person. While singing, her soul seemed filled with an illumination that was spiritual; and as she gently moved, in response to her feelings, the "tricolor" of her native land, her splendid figure, which in every pose was statuesque, thrilled with an emotion that made her look like a goddess to her enraptured listeners. When she had closed, and quietly retired, the applause became most enthusiastic, and was continued for many minutes.

Our illustration shows the lady as she appeared at the close of her patriotic appeal, with the flag of her native land in her fair hand, looking much more like an inspired sibyl than a charming and enthusiastic woman who with many of her associates is laboring unselfishly and hopefully for the relief of those who are suffering for the cause of home and country and honor.

Mlle. Hallier Dosty presided at one of the tables in the Fair, where she was the cynosure of all eyes. She is declared, by both ladies and gentlemen, the most lovely woman in the city of New York.



NEW YORK CITY.—Mlle. HALLIER DOSTY AS SHE APPEARED WHILE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE, AT THE FRENCH FAIR FOR THE RELIEF OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF FRANCE, IN THE ARMORY OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, BROADWAY AND THIRTY-SIXTH STREET.



THE DISPUTE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BLACK SEA AND THE STRAIT OF THE DARDANELLES.

1. Bukowina.
2. Sereth.
3. River Sereth.
4. Transylvania—a province of Austria.
5. Kronstadt—a frontier town of Austria.
6. Part of the Carpathian range of mountains.
7. Moldavia.
8. Botuchany.
9. Jassy.
10. Galatz.
11. Brailow.
12. Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia.

13. Wallachia.
14. Oltenitza.
15. Giurgevo.
16. Bessarabia—a province of Turkey, taken by the Russians.
17. Bender, the capital of Bessarabia.
18. Akerman.
19. Kilia.
20. Kegelal.
21. Faltal.
22. Kichanan.
23. The River Pruth—the present boundary of the Russian Empire.

24. The River Dniester.
25. The River Danube—the northern boundary of the Turkish Empire.
26. Part of the Turkish Province of Bulgaria.
27. Schumla.
28. Rustchuk.
29. Silistria.
30. Hirsowa.
31. Matchia.
32. Badabagh.
33. Varna.
34. Balschick.

35. A range of rugged mountains, formerly called Hæmus, now the Balkans.
36. Burgas.
37. Adrianople.
38. Constantinople.
39. The Bosphorus, dividing Europe and Asia.
40. Soutari, a city of Asia Minor.
41. The Sea of Marmora.
42. The Dardanelles.
43. Gallipoli.
44. Sultanieh, the Troas of the New Testament.
45. Burnarbarki, supposed to be the site of Ilium.

46. Basika Bay.
47. Mount Olympus.
48. Brousa.
49. Boil.
50. Sinope—where a great portion of the Russian fleet was surprised by the English and destroyed.
51. Trebizond—a commercial town.
52. The country around Sinope was formerly a Roman colony called Paphlagonia in the present.

THE BLACK SEA. WHAT RUSSIA DEMANDS IN RESPECT OF IT.

The folly of attempting to circumscribe Providence, control future events, or limit the natural growth and development of nations by treaty stipulations and "Conventions of the Great Powers," has been repeatedly demonstrated in Europe. All Europe, in 1815, solemnly bound itself that no Bonaparte should ever again rule in France. In a little over thirty years France chose to have a Bonaparte at its head, and flouted the solemn compact of 1815; and all Europe very rationally accepted a result that it could not prevent. It now the folly of attempt-

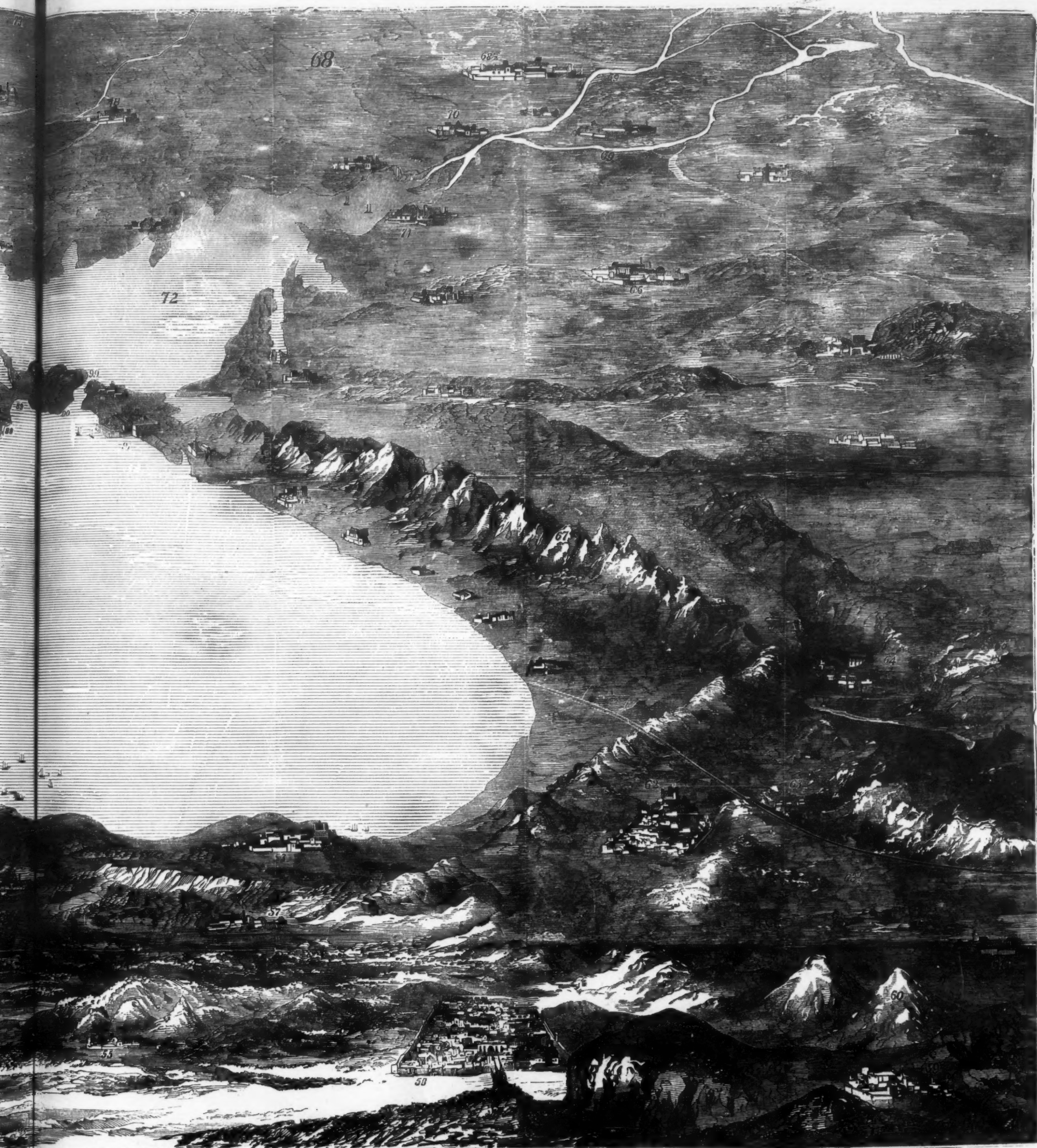
ing to coerce destiny in regard to France. Prussia disregarded that and all other joint treaties in respect of Schleswig. And now we find, after a lapse of only fifteen years, that Russia refuses to be bound any longer by the Convention of Paris of 1856, which was the net result of the war in the Crimea. Among the provisions of that Convention was the stipulation that Russia should accept the neutralization of the Black Sea, thereby limiting the growth of her power in the direction of Turkey and the East. Russia now protests, very naturally, that it is impossible for a great nation to submit to humiliating conditions, the consequences of war and violative of her interests, for an hour longer than it is compelled to do so—in other words, that joint conventions and

other diplomatic devices for regulating Providence and the course of events are liable to be set aside as soon as the power aggrieved by them finds itself in a position to repudiate them.

We publish in another place, *in extenso*, the Russian demand, which is moderate but firm, and it is evident the parties to the treaty of Paris must acquiesce in it or fight. There is little fear of their accepting the latter alternative. France is powerless, Italy incapable, England impotent, except on the sea, and Germany is in harmony with Russia, thus practically leaving the struggle, should it come, to Austria and Turkey—both hopelessly bankrupt, and neither singly or jointly capable of resisting the power of the Czar.

The Black Sea, the free use of which Russia deems indispensable to her interests as well as her dignity, was anciently called the Euxine. It is about 700 miles in length, with an average breadth of 380. It is said to receive one-third of all the running waters of Europe, and it is very much less salt than the Mediterranean. Like the latter, it has no perceptible tide. For a long time it was believed to have a higher level than the sea of Marmora, a fact that would have demonstrated that it flowed into the Mediterranean. A scientific board of inquiry demonstrated, however, that the levels of the two are identical, and it is still a matter of doubt where the immense volumes of water it annually

receives are absorbed. Evaporation is very active under the influence of the fierce South Russian sun, is the factory solution of the problem. The Black Sea is very deep, while the shores from four to forty miles in the centre no sound yet been found. It takes its color from the color of its waters, but some tints of the thick for fringe its shores, or, perhaps have conjectured, from the gloomy sky which forms its almost canopy. It has but one large port, though sufficiently not very secure. Its navigation is imperilled occasionally by sea-



DARDANELLES, THE RIGHT TO NAVIGATE WHICH IS INSISTED UPON BY RUSSIA, DESPITE THE TREATY OF PARIS OF 1856.

- | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|--|--|------------------|
| 47. Mount Ida. | 54. Angoria. | 55. Tokat. | 65. Gori. | 71. Azof. | 81. Simpheropol. |
| 48. Amasia. | 56. Erzeroum, the capital of Turkish Armenia. | 66. Stavropol, the capital of Caucasus, the country inhabited by the Calmuck Tartars. | 72. The Sea of Azof. | 82. Bagichesseri, the ancient Tartar capital. | 82. Sebastopol. |
| 49. Niksan. | 57. Bajazid. | 67. Caucasus Mountains, extending from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian Sea. | 73. The Steppes of Southern Russia. | 83. Old Fort. | 84. Eupatoria. |
| 50. Mount Ararat. | 58. Erivan. | 68. The flat country of the Don Cossacks between Stavropol and Tcherkark. | 74. Odessa on the Southern coast of Russia. | 85. Balaklava. | 88. Caffa. |
| 61. Kara. | 62. Gumri. | 69. New Tcherkark, the capital of the Don Cossacks. | 75. Nicolaieff. | 86. Alushta. | |
| 63. The Plains of Ararat—called the Plains of Shinar in the Bible. | 64. Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. | 70. Rostov. | 76. The village in which the English philanthropist, Howard, died, and was buried. | 87. Gulf of Caffa. | |
| | | | 77. Kherson. | 89. Kerch. | |
| | | | 78. Berislav. | 90. Anapa, the principal fortress of the Russians on the northeast shore of the Black Sea. | |
| | | | 79. Perekop, a fortified town at the entrance to the Crimea. | 91. Black Sea. | |
| | | | 80. The Crimea. | | |

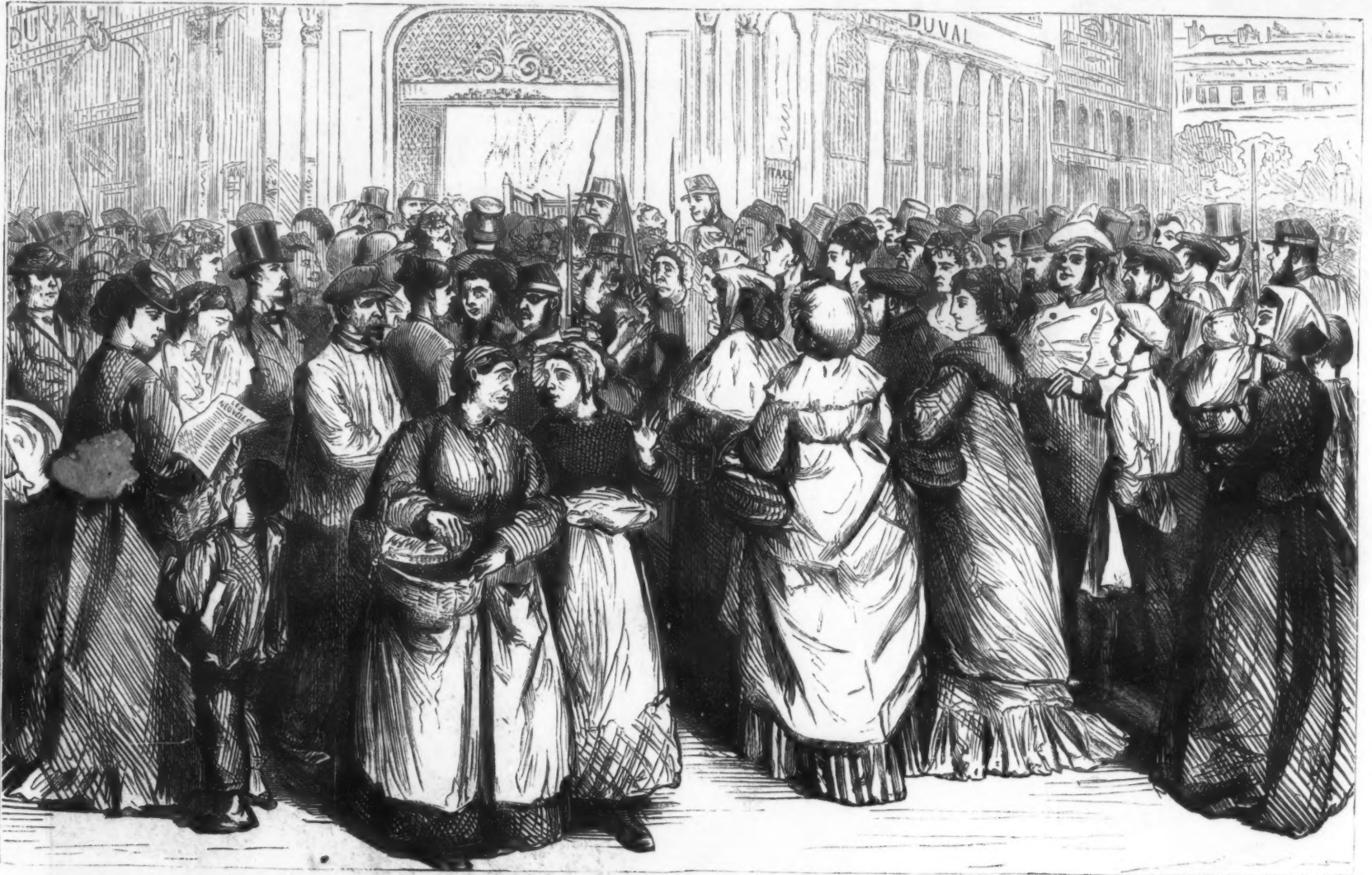
Evaporation, which is by no means dangerous, as it is singularly free from rocks and shoals. The shores on the northeast, east and southwest are formed by a bold chain of rugged cliffs, averaging 100 feet in height, but on the north and northwest the coast line is scarcely elevated above the level of the water.

Nicolaieff, where, according to recent cable dispatches, a considerable naval force is now being concentrated, is situated on the angle formed by the confluence of the Bug and the Ingoul, about forty-six miles from the Black Sea. It was founded by Catharine in 1789, and speedily rose to importance, and in the Crimean war no less than one hundred

and thirty-seven armed vessels were gathered before it, sixteen of which were frigates. But the treaty of 1856 indirectly disarmed it, and the present concentration of armed vessels at this place is a clear violation of the provisions of the treaty. The Sea of Azof, connected with it by the narrow straits of Yenikale, is much smaller, being only about one hundred and sixty-eight miles long and eighty broad. Its waters are fresh and abound with fish, but are very shallow, and fall off toward the west into huge marshes, which have been aptly named the Putrid Sea. It is of comparatively little importance for purposes of navigation, though it has several ports and roadsteads. Its chief industry is its fisheries, and next to the

Danube it is the most fertile source of the famed caviar. All the shores washed by the Black Sea have within the last decade made rapid strides in the path of material and industrial development. The entire Russian coast is annually growing in population, wealth and importance. Odessa, however, bids fair to absorb nearly all the trade. It chiefly exports wheat, tallow, hides, wool and leather, and takes in return the products of all parts of manufacturing Europe. The southern shore, comprising the northern line of Asia Minor, has also been quickened into an activity which bids fair to bring it up to its ancient prosperity. Samsoon and Trebizond are the principal ports, and are now rapidly

becoming gates through which the trade of Persia, Armenia and Central Asia can flow to Europe. The local products are not very important, chiefly consisting of wool, hides and bread-stuffs. While Russia disclaims any other intention in the present movement than opening the Black Sea to her fleet and to all other navies, and while, if she gains that point by peaceful diplomacy she may ask for no other advantage, it is none the less certain that, if she has resort to war, she will not be satisfied with that, but will aim at territorial extension, not only in the direction of Turkey in Europe, but on the South shore of the Black Sea. This is what Great Britain chiefly fears, as tending to impair her power and influence in the East.



FRANCE.—INSIDE PARIS—WAITING TO BUY MEAT AT A BUTCHER'S SHOP.—SEE PAGE 211.



FRANCE.—OUTSIDE PARIS—BRINGING IN A SPY BY PRUSSIAN LANCERS.—SEE PAGE 211.